

The Editor is happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but he cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will he hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

THE SPOILS OF THE SENATE.

MR. FENTON'S election to the United States Senate brings to an end one of the most disgraceful and ominous chapters in our political history. While it may not be, to the public, precisely known which of the three candidates has bribed worst and hardest, and while the choice made may only show which has bribed most judiciously, no shred or vestige of doubt exists in the public mind that the senatorial contest has been signalized by a degree of unscrupulousness which, even in this community, may well excite shame and apprehension. This is no alarmist's, no "sensation" view of the case. The most respectable of the Republican papers have deliberately—although we are sure with regret—admitted that money was to decide the nomination. Members of the Legislature have made no secret of the general understanding to this effect. Operators of the lobby have gone so far as to name figures and men. Partisans of the respective candidates have proclaimed the vile deeds of their opponents from the housetops. Take all these things with as many grains of salt as we may, and we cannot be rid of a sickening flavor of corruption. The post contended for was that of Senator from the imperial state of New York—with the exception of the Chief Magistracy of the Union, perhaps, the proudest elective station, as it is the longest in tenure, to which an American citizen may attain. There were three aspirants. The two who failed are charged with acts that, if committed, should, to say the least, involve the forfeiture of their social position. The one who has succeeded stands accused by a prominent and reputable journalist—and makes no attempt at refutation—of conduct that may be assumed to constitute better qualification for entrance to the Penitentiary than to the Senate of the United States. We neither endorse nor challenge the grave charges of Mr. Hastings; but we certainly think they should have been refuted before their object either was offered or accepted the dignity to which he has been chosen.

The jocular cynicism with which all this is discussed by a part of the press, and the quiet indifference with which it is accepted by another part, may be amusing to some and reassuring to others; but we submit that to thinking people—people who are not indifferent to the welfare of their country, and who have sagacity enough to have a rational eye to the future—such treatment by the press is a sign of the times almost as alarming as are the evils thus lightly touched upon themselves. It implies that the public think rascality in high places either merely funny or merely a matter of course. For the daily press is systematically made up to please, not to traverse, the tastes and opinions of the people; and when a dignity which by every tradition, every principle of national honor and self-respect, should be attained only by the reverend, the august, and the pure, becomes the scuffling-point and prize of men who, if half what is said of them be true, are just no more nor less than selfish tricksters, and newspapers see nothing in the spectacle but what may be properly handled in a Mephistophelean vein, or, which is as bad, one of easy unconcern, it shows that editors have no fear that any squeamish moral sense in the public breast will be shocked by it. In other cases the ordinary excuse for American indifference as regards public officials, namely, that the shortness of their terms limits their power for possible mischief, has some validity. But the seat of a senator has a permanent character greater than that of a president. A senator is in office for six years, and has opportunities almost unbounded to disgrace the country and enrich himself. It is not because he is the official of a day that his character is practically assumed to be of little consequence. It is because matters have come to such a pass that rich and powerful men, with many axes to grind and many friends to serve, alone come forward or have any chance as candidates; and because it is supposed that, whoever gets in, the average jobbing and speculation will be about the same. If the public is surely destined to be robbed of a certain amount of money, it matters not much to the public who is to be the thief.

There does not seem to be much difference between this kind of work and putting offices up at auction to the highest bidder, except that in the latter case the sale might be so arranged as to benefit the national Treasury instead of the pockets of an army of rapacious political brigands. But the question that naturally arises of What is the remedy? is, we admit, most difficult to answer. The evil springs from a long and slowly maturing train of causes, some of which have root in the very nature of our institutions. It is pretty certain that, as matters stand, there is no swift or heroic remedy. Bribery laws, like sumptuary laws, are likely to do no more good here than they did to save the republic of old Rome. To blame either political party as distinctively corrupt, and so to look for relief from its destruction, is simple nonsense. The "Ring" of New York city, which returns to the ancient meaning of liberty—*dominium*—and to which "I wish to be free" means "I wish to govern the city," may be bad enough, and is usually stigmatized as the type of badness by political foes;

but if it is worse than the senatorial rings of the latter, as they are lately bruited to be, it has hardly so appeared. The underlying curse and canker is of neither party exclusively, but is common to both. It consists in our system of recognizing no classifications or titles to honor among men save those that money can buy. Under the specious pretence of universal equality we have abolished, practically speaking, all distinctions founded on virtue, intellect, achievement, or ancestry, and concentrated a factitious importance on gold alone. A man with wealth and nothing else is everything. A man with everything else and no wealth is nothing. The commercial habits of the people—growing partly out of local causes, partly out of national exigencies—have fostered money-worship to an abnormal and monstrous growth, until it threatens to overshadow or supersede all other desires or objects of ambition. It is no exaggeration to say that, as we are going on now, the community will forgive more and more to him who has wealth, and will forgive less and less to him who has it not. What wonder, then, that senators—or those who would be such—float on with the tide or inhale the poison of the universal social atmosphere.

Perhaps it is an instinctive perception of the inevitable that leads so many among us to pass these evils unheeded by, or to dismiss them with so light a censure. Yet surely it is premature to abandon in the name of fate or predestination the duty of striving to regenerate so young, so splendid, and so vigorous a nation, and to believe that the fruition of its promise is, through untimely rottenness, to be unfulfilled. It is better to hope that there is still enough of wholesome vitality and of patriotic aspiration in the body politic to slough off diseased excrescences and to attain legitimate growth; not forgetting meanwhile that such a good end is only attainable through the energetic purpose and determined work of the thoughtful and educated men and women who alone can bring it about. Let us hope these will not be wanting; and that America will escape the sting and shame of beginning in the first flush of her youth to measure, by her own judgments of the broken and debased republics of old, the contempt that will be lavished on the great republic of to-day by posterity.

UNTRUTH IN JOURNALISM.

GENERAL GRANT has authorized the *Tribune* to say that the articles written by a correspondent of the *World*, purporting to relate conversations or furnish opinions of his in regard to public men and public matters, are totally without foundation. The explanation in the *Tribune* includes further the statement that Gen. Grant would not have thought it becoming in him to contradict the articles in question had they simply affected himself, "but as they are evidently published with a view to embroil his relations with prominent gentlemen, most of them his political or personal friends, or, at least, to outrage their just sensibilities, he thinks it best to deviate in this instance from his usual course, and to pronounce the articles alluded to incorrect, indelicate, and impertinent in an extraordinary degree."

We trust that this disagreeable incident—which cannot be other than humiliating to every American journalist who has any regard either for his country or his profession—may not be without a salutary effect. The habit of exaggeration in writing for the press, of straining every nerve for the purpose of creating the much-loved "sensation," has gone on increasing and becoming, with the writers for certain journals, more confirmed, until at last mere extravagance and high coloring go for nothing, and fabrication out of whole cloth is thought essential for the effect which no statement with threads of truth woven through it can be expected in the same columns to produce. The *World* has in this respect been peculiarly unfortunate in its servants. We cannot for a moment believe that its editor would wish such inexcusable untruths as this about General Grant to appear in his columns. Without pretending to any intimate knowledge of his moral nature, we believe we know that the editor of the *World* is conventionally a gentleman; and we are sure that he is a man of unusual sagacity and forecast. Hence it is absurd to suppose that he desires or approves the publication in his paper of that which must call down upon it in the sequel a great deal of sharp condemnation for which the notoriety of a day is a very paltry equivalent. The fault, then, must lie with his subordinates, and as, when such a *canard* as this about the President elect is concocted, there must be among those subordinates at least one deliberate, unblushing falsifier, we put it to Mr. Marble whether it is not worth while to ferret him out and, for the credit of journalism in general, and of the *World* in particular, to expose him? Such a step, however painful, would do the *World* far more good in the estimation of all honorable people than a hundred such plausible explanations as that which appeared in its issue of last Saturday.

It really seems to us as if it were time for respectable journalists to take some steps to vindicate the honor and position of their calling. The theory of "sensations"—that is to say, the theory of success at any price—has been pushed to a point that threatens to bring the press into universal contempt. To judge from current appearances, some proprietors are of opinion that a certain coarse fibre, with a capacity for unlimited rough work, joined to an equally unlimited capacity for hard lying, is all that is needful to make an accomplished journalist. Now, setting its moral aspects aside, we do not believe that, even in the commercial sense, in the long run this sort of thing will pay. The community contains bad ele-

ments, but it is not yet bad enough for that. Something like the appearance of a sense of honor, even if it be only of the sort that constitutes the homage vice pays to virtue, a bare semblance of manly and chivalrous feeling, ought surely still to be remunerative, even if the genuine articles are hard to find, or, in this wicked city, harder still when found to keep. The *World* has shown much enterprise, daring, and business tact; it has contained not a little solid as well as brilliant writing; it has given promise of doing capital work by elevating in some respects the tone of metropolitan journalism; and we should be exceedingly sorry to see the reputation fairly gained by its editor for signal ability and uncommon professional aptitude tarnished by a repetition of the discreditable "sensations" of which this tale about General Grant is the latest, if not the worst.

OLE BULL.

WE have ever been among those who deprecate a style of criticism which wanders from the talent of an artist to his life, and, failing to set forth those excellences which appeal to an instructed judgment, succeeds in dragging forward the peculiarities of person or history most likely to arouse an artificial enthusiasm. No man has been so covered with this kind of admiration as Ole Bull, but it must be confessed that there is no other great artist in whom the distinction between the artist and the man is so easily lost, and not one who better embodies that union of eccentricity and worldliness with a steady devotion to art which is the most pleasing ideal of the artistic character. Among the many able and celebrated men who have selected the greatest of all instruments for their vehicle Ole Bull and Paganini stand almost alone, from the fact that it is to a genius individual, and indeed creative, that their hold on the affections of their contemporaries is due. Not that Paganini was not, or that Ole Bull is not, a perfect master of technique. It is true that he plays, as every virtuoso plays, best and most his own compositions, but he is not wanting in that undoubted sign of true genius, a hearty love for the works of the greatest writers. His performance of an adagio of Mozart at one of his recent concerts was beautiful and affecting beyond all description, and many of his hearers were quite carried out of themselves for the time. A friend is never weary of telling us how, in some remote place, he chanced to be in the artist's waiting-room at a charity concert to which Ole Bull had, with his usual kindness, given his services; and how, when the orchestra in the concert-room began Rossini's overture to *Otello*, the great musician, his face kindling, seized his violin and played with them *sotto voce* all through for his own pleasure, and to the unspeakable delight of his breathless auditor.

It has become a great weariness to concert-goers that nearly every soloist plays almost exclusively his own compositions, and it is a practice that in the case of all ordinary talent should be strongly discouraged. But a really great and original genius is best understood in music of his own; and the history of the violin and the piano is merely the history of Corelli, Tartini, and Piotti, of Clementi, Hertz, and Thalberg, who, each in turn discovering and extending the capabilities of their instruments, left works the study of which enabled the composers proper, such as Spohr or Beethoven, to avail themselves of all their legitimate resources. In Mozart and Mendelssohn we have instances of the combination of great performers and great composers, but it is noticeable that each died young, prematurely exhausted; and each, while his life lasted, became, like Liszt, more and more composer and less and less pianist; for it is not given to man to be very great in two separate fields. The singers, in this respect, show to great disadvantage beside the instrumentalists, for, with the exception of Stradella, whose *Salutaris* is one of the few airs which can be called absolutely perfect, no great singer has ever written a great song.

It would not be easy to put into words the precise additions that Ole Bull has made to the capacities or resources of the violin, but no one can hear him without being struck by the fact that many of his peculiarities have been copied and imitated again and again by every violinist of later date; but that in his own field, in his hold over the feelings and in a certain lofty and imaginative style of playing, he has never yet been approached. His *Mother's Prayer* was the first of the many "mothers" and "maidens" who have prayed and wailed ever since, and it is as beautiful, as touching, as human as ever.

It has been the fate of Ole Bull to be the herald of revolution on one hemisphere and of order on the other. His first success was made in the musical and critical city of Bologna, in Italy, that country where the traditions of a glorious past tend to indispose the public mind toward any artistic novelty; and he succeeded there splendidly, not because of his eccentricities but in spite of them, and because it was impossible to deny his genius. All Europe soon took him on the same terms, and he reigned there for many years undisturbed, though not unquestioned, by the classicists. But when he reached the United States, in 1843, the question in the minds of thousands who heard him lay not between one style of playing and another, but between any music and no music at all; and to the great awakening of the popular mind which he effected, and to the strength that was lent to the cause of art by the nobleness of his personal character, we thankfully attribute a large share of the vast progress that music has made among us since then.

There is a tendency in the human mind for which hero-worship is not the precise name, though we know of no better, and which leads us to wish to find the bride beautiful, and the judge austere, and the sailor bluff, and

the clergyman mild, and the author cadaverous, and the soldier prompt, and the rich benevolent, and the poor content, and to desire that a life which has been brilliant and successful should remain consistent and dignified to its close. This feeling has ample satisfaction in Ole Bull. The musician who aroused the fever of our youthful enthusiasm commands the assent of our mature judgment. In a simple Western meeting-house there stands the man who has played to princes and conquerors, with the same calm smile, the same frank pleasure in the pleasure of others, the same absolute conviction that neither himself nor his hearers are to be thought of for one moment in comparison with his art. The inspiration that has been given to him he has cherished as a talent held in trust, and it is probable that not in the plaudits which have always resounded in his ears, but in the recesses of his own conscience has he found his exceeding great reward.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

OUR excellent contemporary, the *Springfield Republican*, in a passage intended to set forth the superiority of the New England press over that of the rest of the country, affirmed a short time ago that the newspapers of the city of New York are characterized—as distinguished from those of New England—by a certain "cant and self-consciousness." There was an innocent assurance about the statement that almost carried it up to the sublime, and on the way we were indebted to our excellent contemporary for not a little hearty laughter. Suppose Mr. Leonard Jerome, or Mr. James Fisk, Jr., were to caution you respecting such and such a man, on the ground that he had an inexcusable passion for speculating in stocks; suppose the pensive and blushing proprietor of the "Tammany" were to warn you against the eroticisms of the ballet, or suppose the fastidious conductor of the *Sewer*, or *Family Spy*, were to stigmatize for your benefit the inexactnesses or personalities of other journals—in either of these cases you would have occasion for hearty laughter, too. Perhaps "cant and self-consciousness" are not more characteristic of New England newspapers than of many others in the country, yet we are tolerably confident what the opinion of an absolutely unprejudiced judge would be; and we will venture to affirm that if cant and self-consciousness are traits of any journals printed in the metropolis, such a judge would say that they distinguish not New York journals proper, but New England journals which happen by mistaken policy and geography to be published in New York. No doubt the newspapers of New York have faults. They appeal too habitually to the crowd. They too often mistake crass slang for humor. Some of them are apt to put aside truth for the sake of sensation, and others who love truth, or have the credit of such affection, occasionally forget that there are advantages about confining editorial discussions to the limits observed among gentlemen. But for all this no fair critic would either say that cant and self-consciousness were especially characteristic of the New York press, or would hesitate to say that if such demerits are conspicuous in the newspaper press anywhere in America, it is in the columns of papers published in New England.

We have been reminded of this queer instance of mental obliquity by the perusal of an article in the *Saturday Review* of December 19, ult.; an article that, unlike most articles in prominent London journals which deal with American topics, does not appear to have been copied by our home press. We earnestly advise that it shall be so copied, and most especially we recommend its transfer to the columns of the *Springfield Republican*. Such a procedure will be useful in several ways. First, it will afford fresh and enlivening evidence of the stupid and besotted ignorance of English writers about our internal affairs. Next, it will exhibit in a whimsical light the curiously opposite estimate placed by some of our provincial papers upon their own qualities when compared with the correlative opinions entertained respecting them by observers from without. Finally, it will afford the particular sheet we have named opportunity to revise what was perhaps a rather crude and hasty comparison between its own merits and those of its metropolitan contemporaries; an opportunity, let us add, that we feel sure the *Republican* will hasten to avail of, since, whatever errors it may have fallen into, we cannot doubt that its inherent loyalty to sweetness and light will render that journal only too happy to take occasion to correct them. In the meantime, and lest the article in question should fail to meet its eye, there are one or two passages of it which we may profitably quote—premising that we approve them only in a limited degree—and which we trust the *Republican* will reproduce for the benefit of its own numerous readers. The article is inspired by a proposal said to have been lately made to nourish the callow intellect of Philadelphia on newspapers, by way of reading matter, instead of on the fragmentary collections of poems, dialogues, orations, etc., which have generally been used for the purpose in schools. "Congressional debates, state affairs, wars and their causes, accidents, floods and fires, great public improvements, etc., subjects upon which the youthful mind will feed much more profitably than upon beautiful orations or pathetic fancy writing," are to constitute, it seems, the Philadelphia intellectual juvenile pabulum of the future. To this design the *Saturday Review* takes exceptions, some of which we must admit are well founded. It says:

"American newspapers, outside of New York, nowhere rise above the provincial press in England, and it is terrible to think of one of the numerous *Heralds* or *Mercuries*

of our native land taking flesh and walking abroad among us. A youth who had learnt politics by spouting the 'editorials' of a provincial newspaper, whose imagination had been enriched by its poet's corner, and whose miscellaneous information was derived from the column in which one line informs us that a melon has been raised in Pottsville, Pa., measuring two feet in circumference, and the next that seventeen murders had been committed in Texas in ten days, would have a singularly constituted mind. It is strange that any human being should propose to saturate the youthful intellect with third-rate newspapers, and to sink the fact that any greater masters of literary composition ever existed than those who provide daily intelligence for the inhabitants of Philadelphia."

Perhaps, however, that which is applicable to Philadelphia may be inapplicable to Springfield, and our contemporary may not extract from this passage the edification which it may yield to the people of brotherly love. Furthermore, a crop of cheap dailies has of late sprung up in New York which are certainly as weak and silly as the most provincial absurdities boasted by Cranberry Centre or Peanutville; so that the exception implied in behalf of New York requires some qualification. However, when we remember that there are some good journals published in our provinces—like the *Republican*, for instance—of which the writer in the *Saturday* evidently had not heard, and that after all his remarks only put our provincial press on a par with, not lower than, the English provincial press, there is no great harm done. But to a paragraph that follows not far after, notwithstanding the *Republican* will, no doubt, find it full of English cant and self-consciousness, we invite that paper's serious attention:

"The tendency of which the Philadelphian school teachers have given a grotesque illustration may suggest a more serious reflection. It is an extreme corollary from the utilitarian theory of some of our reformers, and brings out very neatly their special weakness. There is no country where the advantage of some mental training in some loftier branches of knowledge than are attainable by means of newspapers is plainer than in America. The most characteristic fault of Young America is its undervaluing of everything that has been done beyond the Atlantic; and its prevalent impression that America should have not merely new creeds and new political systems, but a new multiplication table and new laws of nature. The sensitiveness upon which we sometimes rally our cousins is comparatively a superficial and transient phenomenon. It is natural enough that a country whose literature is still provincial should be especially sensitive to opinions coming from the virtual metropolis, and that a country in many senses young should have some of that uneasy vanity and desire to be received on equal terms among its betters which is characteristic of the hobbledchoy stage of existence. But this is quite compatible with a more deeply-seated conviction that the American is a being of a superior order, whose merits indeed are not as yet thoroughly recognized, but who is rapidly showing his superiority to all the rules established in the Old World. Consequently, there is no people upon whom it is so desirable to impress the fact that some people could write English before the Declaration of Independence, and that there is a standard of cultivation and learning to which they have not at present even nearly approached."

This is a paragraph which we may all read with more or less advantage, and those among us to whom it is disagreeable may find consolation in the reflection that the bloated aristocrat its author was doubtless full of beer when he wrote it, that he probably drops his h's and misplaces his v's and w's, and that it is a moral certainty that he believes no good can possibly come out of any Nazareth which is not within sound of Bow-bells.

THE DECLINE OF OPERA BOUFFE.

IF at this point in their career it had been permitted to either of the rival managers who have been so earnestly engaged in raising the expectations and lowering the taste of our musical community to confirm success and demolish opposition by the production as a novelty of *La Grande Duchesse*, it is not easy to over-estimate the enthusiasm of admiration which that pearl (paste, if you will, but still the pearl) of opera bouffes would evoke. But it was the misfortune of Mr. Bateman in attempting, as it was later of Mr. Grau in imitating, his enterprise, to be forced to play his trump card at the outset in order to win any strength for the game. Next to *La Grande Duchesse*, *Geneviève de Brabant* is undoubtedly the most sensational, and, to a carefully debauched taste, the most taking, of Offenbach's operas, atoning for the poverty of its score by the splendor of its costumes, the picturesqueness of its *mise en scène*, the audacity of its anachronisms, and the uncleanness of its plot. And Mr. Grau displayed unquestionable judgment in selecting this for his virtual opening; his mistake, and it is like to be a fatal one, lay in not more carefully calculating the strength of his subsequent resources. Anticipation was raised to its highest by the first efforts of both managers, only to be in greater or less degree disappointed by their subsequent efforts. Mr. Bateman, indeed, by his wonderful tact, which seems almost an instinct, in hitting the public taste; by his careful attention to all mechanical appointments; by the judicious variations of his programme, and, most of all, by the artistic excellence of his company, has so contrived to lessen each successive shock as to make it almost imperceptible. *La Belle Hélène* was not quite equal to *La Grande Duchesse*, but it introduced us to a different atmosphere; the fun of the burlesque Olympus was at least an agreeable change from the fun of the burlesque court. *Barbe-Bleue*, again, atoned for its slight deterioration by the novelty of its scenes, and its ludicrous travesty of a familiar and tragic story. *Les Bavards* transported us from fairyland to the whimsical realities of buffo life in marvellous Seville, and *La Périochole* again wafts us across the ocean to charm us with the antics of amorous viceroys and fuddled ministers in some impossible Peru. It was this constant shifting of scene, this skilfully managed variety, that kept the fickle public constantly amused, and left it no opportunity to detect the slow but steady dwindling of the stream whose flood had carried it beyond its point of admiration.

Mr. Grau has failed to profit by the example of his rival, or to follow

up properly the success he achieved in *Geneviève*. Close on the heels of that sensation he gives us a production so like it as to challenge constant comparison, which its entire inferiority converts into instant condemnation. Not even the frequent prettiness of Hervé's music can altogether redeem the unvarying and dreary stupidity of Hervé's dialogue, which attains a depth of dullness to which M. Meilhac and Halevy's efforts are brilliancy itself. One has to read the libretto through to believe that any human being, much less a Frenchman, could write so much that was professedly funny without stumbling by accident even on a single stroke of wit or humor; and it is possible to understand that *L'Œil Crevé* ran for two hundred nights in Paris only to those who are in the habit of reading *Charivari*, and who are familiar with the quality of humor that satisfies modern Parisians. With an endurable libretto the opera might have been a success; the music, as we have said, is frequently pretty, the choruses notably so, that entitled *Allons, gai Chasseur*, being bright and pleasing to an unusual degree, and one or two of the solos full of melody, as *Soleil, astre du Jour*, which M. Carrier sings uncommonly well, and *Mille Canons*, which M. Gabel sings uncommonly ill. *Langouste Atmosphérique* is also effective, even without the harlequinade which M. Beckers deems necessary to its adequate interpretation; and *L'Hirondelle et la Polonaise* becomes a very agreeable duet in the hands, or rather in the mouths, of M. Carrier and Mdle. Desclauzas. The piece, too, is full of effective situations; is, like its predecessor, brilliantly mounted and costumed, and the choruses are strong and well drilled, though Mr. Grau, as if determined to defy our approbation, has carefully eliminated the pretty faces which won our praise before. But the dialogue hangs like a dead weight on the performance, and would set at naught even greater histrionic ability than the members of Mr. Grau's company possess. M. Gabel in particular, in the part of the Gendarme, is quite overwhelmed by its dreariness, and though he makes brave use of the mouth business which was so effective in *Geneviève*, finds it difficult to raise even the ghost of a laugh. Yet M. Gabel is an eccentric actor of merit, though for so large a proportion of mouth he has singularly little voice, and is in more respects than one unfortunate in being cast for a rôle which includes so much singing as that of the Gendarme. In such a part as the Duc d'En-Face he would doubtless have created a sensation and made it what it is by no means now, a prominent feature of the opera. M. Genot makes a creditable Bailiff, and Mr. Beckers a sufficiently good Marquis; Mdle. Desclauzas as Fleur de Noblesse looks quite pretty and displays a certain sort of fat archness which wins the suffrages of the proscenium boxes, and Mme. Gueretti, with considerable ability and the best will in the world, only serves as Dindonnette to emphasize the absence of Mme. Rose-Bell. M. Petti as Ernest acts like a monkey and sings like a parrot. The rest do fairly; but there is not a member of the troupe who shows the ease and finish of the true artist. In everything they do there is perceptible a straining after effect which somehow jars unpleasantly, and much of the stage business is absolutely childish. Outside of a pantomime there is nothing intrinsically funny in the spectacle of people whacking each other on the head with sticks of wood; yet this sort of thing is made to do duty for entertainment through almost an entire scene of *L'Œil Crevé*. It is significant of the weakness of the production.

Mr. Grau's new opera is a failure, and its failure, joined with Mr. Bateman's retirement, seems to us to signalize the downfall of opera bouffe. Not even the undoubted success of *La Périochole* can save it, although *La Périochole* is in some respects the best of Offenbach's productions, and in one or two of its scenes comes nearer the dignity of comic opera than any of its predecessors. The plot, though slight, is interesting and coherent, and the music is good—at times even brilliant. The duet *Il Grandira*, which Mdle. Irma and M. Aujac sing charmingly, is really a delicious ballad, with more feeling than Offenbach usually shows; the love-letter is pleasing; the *Seguidillo* at the end of the third act sparkling and effervescent, and there is a little scrap of song just before it, *Les femmes, il n'y a que ça*, set to such a telling air as the audience seem inclined to listen to all night. But for all that, despite the attraction of the piece, the capital acting of all the company, and the very good singing of most, despite M. Aujac's cheerful earnestness and Mdle. Irma's grace and beauty, *La Périochole* cannot stay the march of inevitable fate. Opera bouffe is doomed, and though for a short time longer it may drag out a lingering existence, though Mr. Grau by a desperate effort may carry it into the summer, after that will surely come the deluge. Opera bouffe has had its day, and must yield to fresher and fairer attractions. And we do not recall any incident in his managerial career that seems to us more indicative of Mr. Bateman's unerring tact and judgment than his recognition of this truth, as evidenced by his retirement at this precise moment. A more auspicious occasion could scarcely have been chosen. He had triumphantly vindicated his sagacity and skill against the sneers and forebodings of those evil prophets who had predicted that to him also Pike's Opera House would prove the magnificent mausoleum of energy and capital that all others had found it. He had shown that fortune waits on judicious boldness; he had made fashionable and popular a theatre whose very location was to many of us a myth; he had outlived a rivalry which had every advantage of position; he had proved by the successful production of *La Périochole* how fresh and apparently inexhaustible were his resources. And so with drums beating and colors flying he marches out of a victorious field which none better than he knew could not much longer have been

tenable. The taste which had made opera bouffe a possibility was a factitious and a transient taste; the popularity which its brilliant novelty had won only an unfailing succession of novelties, he knew, could insure through a much longer term of precarious existence. And this was impossible. Not even Offenbach is inexhaustible nor always at his best. The cream of opera bouffe we had already tasted, and it was not likely we should be long content with the skim-milk which alone was left. So Mr. Bateman wisely flings away his sucked orange and turns about him for fresher fruit. We wish him, in whatever new direction his energies are to be exercised, the same success which the same ability will undoubtedly achieve.

Thus Mr. Grau is left in expectancy, if not in reality, undisputed monarch of the realm of bouffe. For we take it for granted that Messrs. Fisk and Gould do not intend to carry on the business after Mr. Bateman's contract shall have expired, and the probability is that with the spring the fine company at the opera house will be disbanded. Here, then, is Mr. Grau's opportunity; herein lies his way to fame and fortune. Let him hasten to secure the best of Mr. Bateman's troupe to add to his own, and with a company which, so strengthened, he may fairly call unrivalled, let him forthwith fling bouffe to the winds and boldly enter on the untried ways of opéra comique. With Irma and Desclauzas, Rose-Bell and Tostée, Aujac and Carrier, Beckers and Duchesne, Gabel and Lagriffoul, Francis and Genot, and, only by himself shall we put that incomparable artist, Leduc, he need not fear to fail; and if he succeeds we shall charge him nothing for this advice.

LEISURE.

NO people are more luxurious in certain respects than ourselves. The changeableness of our climate, with its alternate amenities and severities, the gorgeousness of its sunshine and the brilliancy of its frosts, stimulate a sensuousness which constantly seeks gratification. Hence Americans like bright colors, rich fabrics, jewels which glitter, paintings, decoration, and all that goes to feed the lust of the eye and the pride of life. This sensibility to pleasure, this luxuriousness of temperament, is not very evenly manifested, and is too often indicated rather by the desire for enjoyment than by the ability to enjoy. Of that instinctive pleasure in existence which breathes with rapture, steps, as it were, on the clouds, and finds in being alive sufficient reason for perpetual song, our people know too little. They are too far from the youth of the world, from the health and childishness of a pastoral age, to experience this uncivilized happiness. Our young people seem to be born old, and our old people to be the pale, exhausted remnants of the middle-aged men and women who for awhile did their duty or tried to find out what it was, fought, struggled, and were buffeted about until they withdrew, dazed and breathless, to stand aside, patiently waiting for their final rest. This compression, as it were, of our lives, by living so tremendously fast during a certain part of them, has a moral effect similar to that which resulted from the turbulence of the middle ages. Then, as now, life was a short fight, and men grew reckless in proportion to the obviousness of the fact. If the means by which people are killed off nowadays are different, the result is the same; and whether it be a blow from a battle-axe or a fall in Erie that is impending, the anticipation of it is almost equally sure to drive men to take their pleasure while they may. The morality of such a philosophy may be open to discussion; and its results in our midst certainly appear to call for it.

This desperate hurry to taste every luxury, like the greediness of a child, often disappoints itself; and we rush after our gains and our pleasures, determined to get all we can out of everything, forgetting that the primal necessity of life is the ability to live. The more nervous and anxious we grow, the harder we work to be able to buy toys and indulge in dissipations. These toys we leave ourselves no time to appreciate, these dissipations we leave ourselves no health to enjoy. Leisure, the luxury of the savage and the philosopher, which the instinct of uncivilized youth has prized and the experience which taught in academic groves has praised, we do not know; and, not knowing, are unconscious how much we lose. Without leisure, contemplation, reflection, reverie, and all the tender imaginings which cover with a dewy freshness the thoughts of young minds, are impossible. Without it the more important powers of study are not put forth, and the capacity to appreciate is unattainable; without it the best work a man can do will never be done. People do not work the better for being hurried. On the contrary, they become drudges, with a fatal habit of superficiality. No brain can do its best continuously. There must be intervals of rest, when, by lying fallow, the mind, like the earth, may be passively enriched by dews and gracious rains and the sunshine that falls upon it.

There are many objections to the prevailing hurry of our lives: one of which is the inevitable, and evident, deterioration in our manners, as the first necessity of a good manner is repose, and that is quite incompatible with the perturbation of a people who are all frantic to "be through" with whatever they may be doing. Another disadvantage is the lowering of personal dignity, which is endangered the moment a man is hurried, and lost when he suffers himself to be driven. A still greater evil is the hasty expression of a mixture of ignorance and assumption in matters of art, which is tolerated because nobody has time to correct it or to do better.

In short, there is scarcely any grace or charm of life that is not spoiled by this unrest, this inward tumult, which only aggravates the outside pressure.

To the poor life is a nearly unbroken round of work; to the middle classes it is, perhaps, a harder strain; to the rich it is a dissatisfied hurry from the performance of one social obligation to another. There is no rest anywhere, because nobody knows how to take any. The Europeans who come here soon fall into the habits of those near them and work as they had never worked at home. Our very holidays, few in number as they are, seem only to be occasions for additional effort. There are so many presents that must be made, so many visits that must be paid, so many long journeys to be taken and great entertainments to be got up; there is, in fact, such an absolute necessity for taking our pleasure exactly in accordance with prevailing customs, that it becomes very hard work and everybody rejoices when the holidays are over. Even the summer brings but little repose. People talk very wisely about country life, but they go to crowded hotels and uncomfortable boarding-houses, carrying to them as much of the city as their trunks will hold, and depending on the mails to bring the rest.

The luxury of leisure, the dignity of quiet, the poetry of contemplation, have for us no charm. On the contrary, any indulgence in them would be probably regarded as great waste of time by respectable heads of families deep in stocks. To pull down houses, to dig away hills, to cut down trees, these are the congenial pursuits of a people who regard all change as improvement. It is true that the spirit which inspires such work is the same spirit that is bringing the Pacific nearer to the Atlantic shore, and civilizing the wilderness that lies between. But these vast efforts are the very rudiments of civilization. Architecture, music, painting are at once essential, and incident to, its growth, and these cannot be seized at once by the strong hands that have removed mountains to make way for them. The muses have ever eluded the too impatient clasp of lovers that had not patience to woo them, and Time frowns upon those who try to hasten, as well as upon those who try to retard, his inexorable steps.

The polish, the softness, the grace of life, must be the after-growth of leisure and content—content, that lost, unknown, or forgotten virtue of which so many Americans may say,

"He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I have not got."

SOME GERMAN POETRY.

THE following translations—two from American hands and one from English ones—having reached us at about the same time, we print them together.—[Ed. Round Table.]

THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

ONCE journeyed three students far over the Rhine,
And stopped at a wayside inn to dine.

"Dame Hostess, thou sellest good beer and wine;
But where is that pretty daughter of thine?"

"My beer and my wine are fresh and clear,
But my daughter's form lies cold on the bier."

Then the three young men with a softened tread
To the still room went where lay the dead.

And one from the cold face the white shroud took,
And stood gazing there with sorrowful look.

"Ah! were thou still living, O beautiful maid!
To thee my vows of love would be paid."

The next o'er the pale face spread the shroud,
And turned him away, and wept aloud.

"Alas! that thou shouldst lie on thy bier!
I have loved thee so dearly many a year!"

The third youth approaching uplifted the veil,
And tenderly kissed the young lips so pale.

"O maiden! maiden! I loved thee ever—
I love thee still,—I will love thee for ever!"—W. H. P.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURGH.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

"SIR KNIGHT, this heart of mine accords
A sister's love to thee;
But ask me for no other love—
To do so paineth me.
Calmly can I behold you come,
Calmly behold you go;
What mean those weeping e'en of thine
Mine heart doth never know."

He hears; and, with a mute despair,
Soul-bleeding off doth speed:
He fondly clasped her in his arms,
Then leapt upon his steed.
He gath'reth all his gallant band,
Through Switzerland at rest:
They pilgrim to the Holy Grave,
The Cross upon each breast.

A sorrowing year he there endured,
But can endure no more;
He hunts for calm, but hunts in vain,
So leaves the host and shore.
He hails a ship on Joppa's strand—
Her flowing sails are set;
He ships him to the much-loved land
Her breath doth perfume yet.
His bourne attained, the pilgrim at
Her castle threshold knocks;
They open—ah! what thunder-word
The stricken warrior shocks;
“She whom you seek hath ta'en the veil,
And bride become of Heav'n,
By yesterday's solemnities
She to her GOD was given.”
Then quitted he for evermore,
His father's castle-view,
Nor e'er again his armor wore,
Nor strode his war-horse true.
Down, down the glade from Toggenburgh
He wand'reth all unknown,
For round his noble limbs, for life,
A garb of hair is thrown.
And then a little hut he built
That spot secluded near,
Whence peeping 'mid the Linden's dusk
Her convent walls uprear.
There tarried he from morning dawn
Till glimm'ring twilight shone,
Calm hope illumined his lineaments,
He sitting there—alone.
Inclined towards yonder convent pile
Gazed he whole hours round—
Gazed till the window of his love
When op'ning made a sound.
Till there her form beloved show'd,
Till there the image dear
Would calmly look adown the dale,
As angels mild appear.
Then joyfully he laid him down,
Consoled he closed his eyes,
Still glad when morn's recurring ray
Lit up the orient skies.
And so sat he for many a day
And many a year-course ran,
Waiting complaintless, without grief,
For that op'd window's clang.
Till there her form beloved show'd,
Till there the image dear
Did calmly look adown the dale,
As angels mild appear.
And thus one morning dawn a corse
Sat by the window-sill;
But tow'ards her window yet was turned
Those features pale and still.—J. G. H.

SIR RECK AND HIS LADY.

(A LEGEND OF VOLMARSTEIN.)

SIR RECK both far and wide was high
The boldest Ritter in every fight;
In all the land 'tween the Weser and Rhine,
None equalled Sir Reck of Volmarstein.
In every tourney his glove he threw,
And ever the man that opposed him, too;
And he whom in earnest to ground he bore
Lay quiet, nor hand nor foot stirred more.
For whom he battled, this Ritter famed,
She was known to none—by him ne'er named;
From his pennon high and his helm-crest bright
There streamed a veil that was silvery white.
And each and all who looked on him
Did marvel much at his knightly trim;
Yet wheresoever the veils were seen,
No opposing pennons could flaunt their sheen.
The Kaiser once to this Ritter bold
Spoke thus: “Sir Reck, thou art not yet old,
Hast name and fame far and wide, pardy,
And castle and vassals, and land and fee.
“Only a lovely wife need'st thou;
So, if no choice thou hast made ere now,
My cousin I confer on thee,
That hero Recks there aye may be.”
Sir Reck's face turned all darkly red:
“My Kaiser proffers fair,” he said;
“Yet would I be excused—and why?
A man long since betrothed am I.”
“Ha! joy be thine! Now tell us free,
Who may thy heart's dear lady be?”
“Lord Kaiser, my knightly word and hand
My mouth close even to your command.”

“Then I release both word and hand;
And if thou obey'st not my command,
Without my favor thou must fare,
And a Kaiser's anger is hard to bear.”

“Though a Kaiser's anger is hard to bear,
Yet to break my word I may not dare!”
Sir Reck grasps helm and shield with pride,
And turns to the door with lordly stride.

Then calls the Kaiser: “Ho, there! knight, stay!
Know'st not I spoke in joke and play?
My right to an answer, too, I remit,
For, truly, I'd gain small joy by it.”

Sir Reck's face flushes—his eyes dart flame:
“Lord Kaiser, old are your race and name,
Yet to you yields not in her courtly air,
And power, and state, my lady fair!

“And on earth naught fairer greets mine eyes,
Naught fairer I see in the azure skies,
Than my own sweet love in her silver dress,
By the moist strand rising in loveliness!”

When the words of the knight had ceased to sound
A murmur of scorn and amaze rose round;
Yet he is silent, nor hears the crowd,
His pale face over his broad breast bowed.

Then forth he rushes out into the night,
His footsteps echoing far with might:
No longer silver, the veils float free,
Jet-black, and terrible now to see.

Loud peal the battle-cries, trumpets crash;
With the force of a storm into fight they dash!
Lo! there are the black veils far in front,
Where bold Sir Reck bears the battle's brunt.

A lofty helm and a pennon fell
In the sea of corse—the veils as well,
Not black, not white like a silvery flood,
But red from a fountain of noble blood.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MUSIC PUBLISHING IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your number of December 26 appears an article on *Music Publishing in the United States*, to which we had hoped some one else would ere this have responded. After waiting a week for this to be done, we are induced to offer a few suggestions in mitigation of its somewhat severe strictures on our guild at large. In order to do this we condense both your article and our reply.

The gist of the article is, that the public musical taste is uncultivated, and that the music publishers in two ways omit to cultivate it, as they would do if they knew the laws of trade properly: namely, that, first, they do not publish cheap editions of Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, Haydn, Schubert, J. S. Bach, or the classics generally, and that, secondly, they do not publish many works of these authors at all; the inference being, that in thus doing they display both short-sightedness and want of musical public spirit.

We will waive the first question—whether music publishers publish music for the benefit of humanity in general, or incidentally to live by it. Assuming that they are pure philanthropists of the most millennial order, we proceed to practical facts. And first, to the whole theory based on our supposed delinquency in not raising up taste for musical classics, we say at once *negatur suppositum*. It is not the province of the publishers of music at all to cultivate the public taste. That is the business of concert singers and players, and, most of all, of music teachers. Good taste in music is of their profession, and they are unfaithful if they do not inculcate their own best ideas of musical culture into every pupil they have. They possess almost absolute power to do this. They prescribe the course of study of their pupils, the pieces of music they shall learn; their discretion is untrammelled and their facilities for carrying out their ideas almost unlimited. It is they that make the market what it is, and regulate, and ought to regulate, the whole law of supply and demand. To lay the want of culture to the mere publisher is about as logical as to charge the ill-health of an army to the government store-keepers. After the music teachers take to giving courses of classics, we will very soon find them (the classics) at prices within the means of their poorest scholars.

We are, meantime, quite as sorry as the writer of the article to be obliged to agree that culture is not what it should be. The admirable fugues, sonatas, *klavierstücke*, symphonies, etc., of the old masters lie adust on the shelves by the year, while *Captain Finks* is *Walking down Broadway* with *Genevieve de Brabant* every day. Is it economy or sense to try to publish music cheaply with two or three years' interest to be lost on the investment before we can sell? Are we and our families harmonic chameleons that dine on music?

Besides, things are not so black, quite, as your article paints them. For instance, Beethoven's sonatas, nearly or quite all the best of them, are published both in New York and Boston, in remarkably cheap electrotyped editions, a good deal cheaper than ordinary American sheet-music, which the public do not complain of as too dear. Schubert is more neglected, but even of his works more are published than the demand warrants. Others, like Glück, are of the past. His merely melodic school the best modern musicians have distanced, and the uncultured can find it in greater freshness elsewhere. The wonderful *Orpheus*, the grand *Armida*, the exquisite *Iphigenia*, we publishers know them all—they are annual visitors, apt to stay thirteen months at a visit.

Nor is it at all true that these and like authors, or that any music whatever

is "inaccessible to American buyers." American buyers, subject only to the disadvantage of importation, can command absolutely anything they choose to pay for. We are only one of many American publishing houses whose arrangements in Europe are such that, as the merest matter of course, we can undertake to procure any "American buyer," to his order, any piece of music that is in print in the whole musical world. We should think strangely of a first-class house that could not do this.

The real difficulty which galls the writer of your article is, that he cannot step into the same market with the masses of a new nation and cull for himself, on the spot, a select library of the old masters. This is the grievance that sticks out in his whole discourse. We have only to say that, when America is as old as Germany, when the tyro of Indiana, New Jersey, or Nevada bangs away *con amore* at classical music, when *ad valorem* duties are a dream, teachers all scientific and conscientious, and musicians as well educated as himself, then we will take his order upon two hours' notice for the *Corpus Musicorum Omnium* at ten dollars the cart-load, and be glad of it. Until then we fear we must suffer with him the bad taste that all true musicians lament.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

L. DACHAUER & CO.

28 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, New York, January 2, 1869.

[We have received several letters from music publishers taking exception to an article reflecting upon their business that appeared in the *Round Table* of December 26, ult. From among the number we have selected for publication the foregoing, not because, although smartly written, it is either the most wise or the most courteous of those sent—but because it sets forth in an intelligible shape the tradesman's argument against helping forward the taste for a higher class of music than is now chiefly in request. The argument would be sounder than it is if in this as in other fields the rule were inflexible and without exception that demand regulates supply. But a part of the gist of our article which Messrs. Dachauer & Co. have apparently been unable either to condense or to perceive lies in the fact that in art supply often regulates demand. If our correspondents will ponder over the difference in an analogous case of book-publishing—the difference, for example, between the publications of Mr. T. B. Peterson of Philadelphia, and those of Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston, or Leypoldt & Holt of New York—we do not name older houses so as to omit in the comparison the effect of large facilities on inclination—they will see what we mean to imply. The firms last named are not literary chameleons any more than Dachauer & Co. are harmonic ones. They, too, as well as their families, must eat. But do they find it necessary, therefore, to publish twaddle in yellow covers, and blood-and-thunder romances? Because this country is not as old as Germany, and because *ad valorem* duties are a sad reality, nay, even because it costs a great deal more to "make" books here than in Europe, do these book publishers and others like them refuse to supply us with the classics of literature and confine their attention to slop novels and shilling cook-books? Decidedly not. They have induced a demand for better things by bringing forward a supply; and before they and others did so there was just the same plea that our correspondents now advance for their own calling—that such enterprises would not "pay." As to the music teachers being responsible for a low taste in music, and not the music publishers, it is true to a certain extent. It is equally true that schoolmasters in general are in a like measure responsible for literary taste. But if book publishers ask no charter for trash on the latter plea, we fail to see why music publishers should ask it on the former. Good books have become common and cheap among us even in the youth of our country, and we do not think we shall have to wait as long as our correspondent imagines before good music is equally so. We venture to predict, at any rate, that whoever takes the initiative in the musical field with the same taste and energy that the book houses we have named have shown in theirs, will find that a like appreciation and profit will attend their enterprise, and that long before "the tyro of Indiana, New Jersey, or Nevada bangs away *con amore* at classical music."—Ed. *Round Table*.]

THE DANGERS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In the last number of your paper you attack, in general terms, the system of life insurance, and make statements calculated to do injury to what is generally recognized as one of the most beneficent things among men. Presuming that with your regard for fairness you will be willing to give those who differ with you a hearing, I address you.

Whatever you can do to warn people against swindlers of any sort is well; but because unscrupulous men engage in swindles without the warrant of law, and try to reap advantages from the reputation for integrity and fair dealing of others, is it fair to condemn the whole system of life insurance, and say that it is fraught with danger? or that those who avail themselves of its proffered benefits are "flats"? The laws of the state of New York are such—and the laws of many other states are equally stringent—that no life insurance company can do business within the limits of the state unless it be solvent, and proven so to the state department every year. So jealous is the law of the rights of the widows and orphans—for whose protection and benefit life insurance is especially calculated—that it requires from every company a deposit of \$100,000 before it is allowed to issue a policy; and whenever the affairs of any company are in such condition that its insured are not perfectly safe the Insurance Superintendent for the state is directed to close its doors, take possession of its effects, and protect its policy-holders. Can the insured ask for better security that their claims will be paid?

You complain that the managers of the company make money. Is it wrong for those who do the work and invest their capital to be remunerated for their services? Is it not possible for them to reap advantages without working an injury to the insured? Do the stockholders and officers of a bank make no money? If banks are profitable to the managers, are they necessarily fraudulent concerns?

You say "comparatively few of these (the insured) ever examine the charter

and by-laws of the policy." Is this the fault of the system or the company? Is it the fault of a fire insurance company that the insured does not read his policy or the rules regulating the company? Are not the rules of all life insurance companies published freely to the world? and has not every one insured the chance to read his policy before he pays his money? Scold the people for carelessness, if you will, but do not blame life insurance for the carelessness of its patrons. Every part of the contract between the party insured and the company is in writing, and he who pays his money without knowing the terms of the bargain is guilty of gross carelessness. The questions propounded to him by the company are plain and easily understood, and if he makes misrepresentations in his answers which are material, is he not guilty of an attempt to swindle? Is this a fault of the company? Are the misdeeds of one company a fault of the system?

You refer to the failure of life insurance companies in Great Britain. This is no criterion by which to judge companies in the United States. The organization of life insurance companies there and here differs very widely, as do the laws regulating their management. No life insurance company has ever failed in the United States, and it is hardly possible that one ever will. That some companies are managed better and more prudently than others, is true; that some offer greater advantages to the insured than others, is also true, but the natural result of competition in business; that the system of life insurance is good and calculated to benefit those who are its patrons has been emphatically endorsed by too many eminent men and wise financiers, and too often demonstrated by its actual results, to be doubted. The large number of widows and orphans who are living in comfort, for which they are indebted to the prudence and forethought of those who invested small savings in life insurance, furnish striking examples of its beneficence. To the capitalist life insurance offers a provision for his family or himself in old age, which is secure against the contingencies of business. To the man of moderate means it gives an opportunity to provide for his family a competence when his death shall deprive them of his support. The man working for a salary can, by a small annual saving, secure his loved ones against want when he can no longer labor for them.

Life insurance companies base their calculations on matters of fact, and not matters of speculation. They know that a thousand healthy men of good habits at the age of thirty-five will live 31,780 years in the aggregate. Money can be made to earn a certain per cent. interest; it will cost a certain amount to do the business necessary to insure these thousand men; and thus they fix the amount which each one must pay annually to enable them to pay a thousand dollars to his family when his death occurs. Those who live the longest pay the most money, it is true; but it does not follow that the investment must be a bad one even for them. It is probable that experienced financiers can invest money to a better advantage in large sums than others can in small sums. Again, no man is sure of life. He has no certainty that he will live to invest a stated sum for a stated number of years, while the company is sure that it will have a fixed number of years in the aggregate for the money received to earn interest. It does not claim that it will pay more money to the insured than it receives in the aggregate—this would be absurd—but it does claim that it will pay more money to the insured than it receives from them. It does not recommend life insurance as a first-class investment for the man who is sure of twenty-five years of life with uninterrupted pecuniary success. But where is such a man to be found? It recommends life insurance as a certain provision for the widow and orphan, who might otherwise be left penniless in the cold world by the death of the husband and father—a provision dependent not upon the contingencies of business or the success of speculation.

I shall look with much interest for the further consideration of this subject which you promise in the closing sentence of your last week's article.

Respectfully,

A. D. B.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1869.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the *ROUND TABLE* must be sent to this office.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE TALMUD.*

PHILOLOGY has not yet taken that place which undoubtedly belongs to it as the first of the sciences. What consideration it does enjoy attaches mainly to that division of it which treats of the Aryan race, little notice being taken, at least outside the circle of professed philologists, of the many efforts that are at present being made to universalize the science. So it came to pass that when Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum, wrote an article for the *London Quarterly Review* on the Talmud, there was quite a sensation among the "intelligent public." Everybody had heard of the Talmud; but whether it was a treatise on Chaldaic grammar, written in hieroglyphs, or a commentary on the cosmogony of Moses composed in the language of Babel, or perhaps a collection of the witch of Endor's incantations, including the one with which she called up Samuel, nobody seemed able to determine. M. Renan, it is true, had, in his *Vie de Jésus*, mentioned the work in a manner which seemed to imply that it was decipherable; but then that book was so infidel that one might suppose its writer capable of any sort of misrepresentation. No wonder that Mr. Deutsch's excellent article received some attention. Nevertheless, in circles not much frequented by the intelligent public, it is no secret that the Semitic languages, and among them Hebrew, are being subjected by very competent and enthusiastic scholars to the methods of comparative grammar, and thus made to contribute their share to the edifice of universal philology.

The work before us is, and pretends to be, nothing more than a careful collection of details likely to be useful to the historian of the Jewish people. It claims no merits but thoroughness and exhaustiveness; and the fact that the larger portion of it has been crowned by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres is a sufficient guarantee that these claims are well founded. The labor which its author must have undergone is not likely ever to bring him much consideration or applause; nevertheless its result counts among the number of things that are won to science for ever.

For the benefit of "readers who know the Talmud only by name, without

*La Géographie du Talmud. Mémoire couronné par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. Par Adolphe Neubauer. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1868.

having been able to penetrate into its arcana from want of acquaintance with the language in which the work is written," M. Neubauer, in a preface of thirty-eight pages, gives a sketch of the origin and character of the different divisions of the great rabbinical compilation. Very little is known of those parts of the Old Testament which the Jews carried with them to Babylon, but it seems that ere their return from their captivity there they had learnt to prize, in a higher degree than ever they had done before, those monuments and tokens of their national existence. As long as they had been left in their own country, they had been ever ready to forget all their former experiences and to fall away into idolatry and vice; but now when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon, in a strange land, they remembered Zion and wept. Who can read that short, passionate expression of their feelings when, for the first time, they were placed face to face with themselves without weeping also?

"Dum procul à patriâ mesti Babylonis in oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus aquas;
Illa animum subit species miseranda Sionis,
Et nunquam patrii tecta videnda soli."

Forté! We think the Psalmist did not mean that. It was to no chance occasion that he referred; it was to the long, weary years when they sat by the rivers (not the river) and mourned instead of making music. What a failure is even the best of Buchanan's psalms! The years passed away, and the Jews returned to Zion. But, oh! how changed. No longer prone to idolatry, no longer rebellious, but with hearts softened in the fire of suffering, they returned inspired with the sublimest ambition that ever filled the bosom of a people. They had, to some extent, forgotten their native language, and adopted that of the people among whom they had sojourned. But it was not merely the language of their conquerors that they had learnt; they had found much that was congenial to them in the religion of Babylon, the system of Zerdusht—so congenial, indeed, that many of them were loth to return to their fatherland, even when it was in their power to do so. But once there they entered upon a new career. All that remained of their ancient national literature was eagerly sought for, copied, studied, and commented on. History, legend, poetry, everything that could yet be recovered, was regarded with unbounded reverence, and, as it was now interpreted from a new point of view, much of it became invested with a loftier signification than it had originally borne. The Pentateuch was translated into Chaldaean, in order that it might be more intelligible to the restored exiles, and was read publicly three times a week in the synagogues. Then began the work of interpretation and comment. Interpretations of the laws laid down in the Pentateuch went by the name of *Halakhah*, a word the date of whose first application we do not know, but which we find used with reference to the deliverances of Hillel as early as the year 32 B.C. Applications, more or less fanciful, of Scripture texts or narratives to current events were called *Haggadah*, a kind of composition which occupies more than a third of the Talmud of Babylon, and to which many of the books in the Apocrypha belong. The mystic portions of the Bible, such as the Song of Solomon and the Book of Ezekiel, formed the basis of the Kabbala, with which, however, the Talmud has little to do. There are abundant evidences of the existence of Haggadah and Halakhah before the era of Hillel; but it is with him and his contemporary Shammai that the subtle discussions which characterize the Talmud begin. During the two hundred years that followed the Halakhoth increased to such an extent as to demand some sort of systematic arrangement or reduction. This was undertaken by Rabbi Jehudah, surnamed The Holy, about the year 180 after Christ, and the result was the *Mishnah*, which contains very few haggadic elements. About the same time a similar task was undertaken at Babylon by a Rabbi Hijah, who produced a work now known as the *Joseftha*, containing haggadic matter to some extent. Later in date, but important as showing the gradual development of interpretative tendencies, are three other works, whose names M. Neubauer writes *Mekhiltha*, *Sifra*, and *Sifré*, in which both haggadah and halakhah are largely represented. Thus gradually was developed the *Gemara*, which stands very much in the same relation to the *Mishnah* as the latter does to the Pentateuch, with this difference, that the *Mishnah* contains mostly final decisions of the doctors on legal points, whereas the *Gemara* is largely composed of discussions which draw their arguments and illustrations *ab omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. There are two *Gemaras*, one called the *Gemara* of Jerusalem, edited at Tiberias A.D. 390; the other compiled at Syria, in Babylonia, about A.D. 400, and known as the *Gemara* of Babylon. The Talmuds are composed of *Mishnah* and *Gemara*, the Babylonian Talmud being about four times as large as that of Jerusalem. They became during the centuries after the sixth a basis for new developments, as the Pentateuch had been to the *Mishnah*, and the *Mishnah* to the *Gemara*. We cannot follow the Talmud through its mediæval adventures and mishaps, but any one who is curious on the subject will find some very interesting information in Mr. Deutsch's article above referred to (*London Quarterly Review*, October, 1867, also *Eclectic Magazine*, February, 1868). Persons desirous of more minute details will find them in Zunz's *Die gottesdienstlichen Vorträge der Juden*, Fürst's *Kultur- und Literaturgeschichte der Juden in Asien* and Geiger's *Die Urschrift und Uebersetzungen der Bibel*.

In M. Neubauer's work will be found all the information which the Talmud supplies upon the subject of geography. It is divided into two parts, the former—the part crowned by the Academy—relating to Palestine, the latter to the countries outside of Palestine. In his attempts to identify places the author has frequent recourse to conjectures, the value of which, however, he gives his readers the opportunity of estimating for themselves by supplying them in all cases with the real data. He gives a *résumé* of the conclusions arrived at in the former part of his work—a *résumé* which, as affording an excellent idea of the whole work, we cannot do better than translate in full:

"Palestine, called in the Talmuds the Holy Land, or The Land par excellence, covers a surface of 1,600 Roman square miles. Reference is made in the Talmuds to three sets of boundaries to this country: 1st, those promised by the Bible, extending on the north to Mount *Horchakar* (Amanus), and on the east to the Euphrates, boundaries which the country never reached; 2d, those of the Territory actually occupied by the invading Israelites—that is, beyond Kezib, and almost as far as Mount Amanus on the north; 3d, those of the districts possessed by the Jews after their return from Babylon. These last are stated in detail in the Talmuds, not indeed in a political connection, but as related to the

obligatory performance of certain religious prescriptions, such as the paying of tithes, the fruits of the seventh year (the year of release), etc. Hence it is that in the statements with regard to these we meet with the most frequent variations. Everything depended on the head of the school.

"On the west the natural boundary of Palestine was the Mediterranean Sea. Still, the majority of the cities on the coast were not considered as belonging to Palestine. The strip of Eleutheropolis marks the southern boundary. On the east the places situated in Perea, in the neighborhood of the Jordan, still belonged to Palestine. The northern frontier presents the greatest instability. At a certain period (probably under the last Asmoneans) Hasbeya was still subject to the regulations respecting tithes and other offerings; at another time it is Kezib (Zib) and Cæsarea Philippi that form the extreme points of the northern frontier of Palestine; finally Acco (St. John of Acre) ceases to be regarded as Israelitish soil, and the localities in Galilee which the Talmuds mention as limits are very doubtful. We have been obliged to content ourselves with quoting the text, without being able to give a satisfactory explanation of it.

"Beside the Mediterranean, which the Talmuds call the Great Sea, we find reference to Lake Asphaltites under the designation of the Sea of Sodom, with remarks on the deleterious effects of its waters; the Lake of Tiberias, with its hot springs; the Lake of Samochonitis, under the name of the Lake of Houleh; Lake Phialé; the Lake of Apamea, in Syria; and lastly, a seventh lake, unknown to us, and apparently a pure invention made for the purpose of completing the number seven, which is already the favorite number for the Bible. The Lake of Emesa is not included among these seven lakes, because it is not a natural formation; the Emperor Diocletian made it by uniting several rivers.

"The river of Palestine is the Jordan, which does not receive this name till after it issues from the Lake of Tiberias. It rises in the grotto of Paneas, passes through the Lake of Tiberias, with the waters of which it does not mingle, and falls into the Sea of Sodom, to throw itself into the Mediterranean. This last statement is one of the most curious. The rivers Jarmouk (Sheriath-el-Mand-hour), Karmion, which we have identified with the Nahr-el-Mokatta (the Kishon of the Bible), and Figah, which we take as the Belus, have muddy water; they cannot be used for sacrifices. Another river, the Guinaï, which sometimes rises high enough to be impassable, has remained unknown to us. We have mentioned the Sabbatical river, although it plays but a legendary part in the Talmuds. This river is identified with the Nahr-el-Arus, and its waters flow only every three days. According to the Talmuds, the waters of this river flow six days in the week, and stop on the Sabbath.

"Three sets of hot springs are mentioned in the Talmuds, namely, those of Tiberias, of Gadara, and of Biram. The last, in our opinion, are identical with the hot springs of Callirhoë. A fourth spring, which goes by the name of *Esya*, is situated, according to our conjecture, near the town of Essa.

"As to mountains, there is reference in the Talmuds to Libanus, the Tyrian Staircase, the Mount of Snow (a part of Anti-Libanus), Carmel, Tabor, in Galilee; Mounts Gadara and Machærus, in Perea, and the Royal Mount, in Judæa. Mount *Quarantania*, according to a conjecture, is also mentioned in the Talmuds under the name of Couk. The plain which occupies the whole of the south of Judæa is called the plain of Darom; that of Sharon is a continuation of it; the plain of Gennezareth is celebrated for its fertility; the plains of Saveh and Jehoshaphat are mentioned in legendary narratives. The plain of Jezreel is called 'plain par excellence.' Other small plains are enumerated; but they bear the name of the city to which they are attached. The Talmuds make reference to deserts in Palestine; the term applies to districts little cultivated or serving as pasture-ground.

"The Talmuds divide the 'Land of Israel' into three districts, namely, Judæa, Galilee, and the region beyond Jordan. Each of these districts has its physical subdivisions: mountainous districts, districts of the plain, and districts of the valley. Samaria, a province between Kefr Koud and Antipatris, is not treated as a separate province; it is looked upon as a belt of country separating Judæa from Galilee. This district, inhabited by Samaritans, and declared impure by the Jews, does not, in the eyes of the Talmudists, merit much attention. We have been able to recognize in the Talmuds the 'toparchies' of *Daroma*, *Geraritica*, *Gabalena*, referred to by Josephus. The plain of Judæa is the plain along the coast, beginning with the plain of Sharon, passing into that of Upper Darom, and ending with Lower Darom (the Shephela of the Bible), in the South of Palestine. We have been able to devote a pretty long article to a maritime city in this belt, namely, Cæsarea, a city hated by the Talmudists, and inhabited by pagans hostile to the Jews; worse than all this, it was the rival of Jerusalem. Lod (Lydda) and Jabneh (Jamnia) are treated at some length, these cities having been the centre of rabbinical schools after the destruction of Jerusalem. Joppa, Gaza, and Ascalon were important centres; but the information given about these cities in the Talmuds is not sufficiently interesting to be repeated. We shall not mention the places enumerated as lying in this plain in cases where our data in regard to them are restricted. On the south, Eleutheropolis alone attracted something of attention from the Talmudists; this city belongs rather to the mountain districts.

"This country is formed by the chain of mountains beginning at the border of Samaria, stretching toward Babylon, and descending as far as Hebron. In it we have located Beth-Laban and Beth-Rimma, which supplied the wine for the drink-offerings; Aphraim and Michmash furnished the best grain; Tekoah, the best oil; Hebron, the calves for sacrifice. Judæa was, therefore, a rich and well-cultivated country. Bettar (Bethira), the famous city which formed the last stronghold of Bar-Coziba (Barcochebas) and so long withstood the legions of Hadrian, is, according to our conjecture, on the west of Jerusalem near Bethshemesh, in the mountain district. We do not stop at localities which we have barely mentioned for want of Talmudical data.

"Jerusalem, the capital of the Jews, in regard to which the reader must have looked for very precise information, is, as we have said, very much neglected in the Talmuds. It is only the buildings upon Mount Moriah that are treated with any considerable minuteness; these details, whatever interest they may possess, do not belong to geography, properly so called. We hear in the Talmuds of 'the upper and the lower city.' This last we have identified with the place called *Bica*, known in Greek as Bezetha. The gate of the dunghills and the portion of the western wall are the only points mentioned in the Talmuds, and then only accidentally. Mention is only once made of *Acra*, *Opheh*, and, according to our conjecture, *Baris* (Antonia). The waters of Jerusalem, for the most part, came

from the aqueduct of Etham; the spring of Siloah also supplied a certain quantity, and there were besides numerous cisterns. The Mount of Olives was put in connection with the Place of the Temple by means of a stair; on this mountain was Beth-Phagé, surrounded by a wall, and Bethany with the shops of the merchants.

"In the valley of Judæa we have found En-Gedi with its plantations of balsam-trees, and Jericho, an important city in a very fertile district.

"Samaria, to which we have devoted a special chapter, has no place in the Talmuds. Chance leads the Talmudists to mention Sichem (Nablûs) and Shomron (Sebaste); they give more attention to Beth-shean (Beisan), which, at a certain period, was declared pure by the Jews. This city lies in a very fertile region; it has been compared to the gate of Paradise.

"Galilee is divided into upper and lower Galilee; the latter includes the country of the plain and that of the valley, and extends as far as Kefr-Anan. We have mentioned some particular features ascribed by the Talmuds to the inhabitants of this country. The Galileans thought more of honor than of money; the opposite was the case with their brethren of Judæa. The former were quarrelsome, ready to become irritated, and hence easy to excite to combat. There were also differences in regard to certain religious ceremonies between the inhabitants of Galilee and those of Judæa.

"We have recognized in a passage in the Talmuds the famous Nazareth under the name of *Cerith*. Sepphōris, the capital of Galilee, according to Josephus, Beth-Shearim, Usha, and Shepharam, places where the great school was held in the second and third centuries of the vulgar era, are treated with little detail; the important fortress of Jotapata is barely mentioned. Heifa, where the purple snails were found, is referred to, we believe, in the Talmuds.

"We have spoken of other localities in Lower Galilee, where the doctors had fixed their abodes.

"The circle of Tiberias is the country of the valley. Tiberias, a city built on the site of an ancient cemetery, was long hostile to the Jews, only to become in the end the last seat of the great school. It was a city very much frequented on account of its hot springs. Magdala is a place which had a very bad reputation; Capernaum is the city of the new sect; Chorazin produces good corn.

"Upper Galilee, for the mountain region, begins at Kefr-Anan, where they manufactured pottery of common earth. In this district were situated the fortresses of Meroth and Giscala; the latter is called in the Talmuds Gush-Halab, celebrated for its abundant oils. Little notice is taken in the Talmuds of Acco (St. John of Acre) or of Casarea Philippi, notwithstanding that they were inhabited by the Jews. The Emperor Diocletian had sojourned for some time in this latter city. Gamala and Hippos are counted as Galilean cities.

"The region beyond Jordan (Perea) is treated with less detail; it is also divided into three parts. The city of Gadara plays the most important part in it; Regeb is mentioned for its oil. Bozra, Nebo, Zoar are named without any particular data.

"We cannot make a *résumé* of the localities mentioned in the last chapter, their identification being too doubtful."

The Talmudists seem, in some cases, to have possessed considerable knowledge of heathen countries, and, notwithstanding their patriotism, to have done justice to the characters of many of their inhabitants. Not only places in Asia, but cities in Africa and Europe—Alexandria, Memphis, Athens, Rome—are frequently mentioned. Many names it is, of course, very hard to identify with known places, a difficulty which is increased to English readers of M. Neubauer's work from the fact that he is not only very unfortunate, but unaccountably inconsistent, in his transcription into Latin letters of Hebrew names. The same word often appears with two or three different orthographies—*j* and *y* are used indiscriminately.

Though the present work is not marked as a first volume, the author in many places promises particulars on different subjects to be forthcoming in a second. It should seem, therefore, that his labors on the Talmud are not at an end. We hope that when another volume, which we shall be most happy to see, does make its appearance, we shall be able to congratulate the proof-reader more heartily than we can do in the case of the present volume.

* GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS.*

WHILE it is true that novels depicting life in California are as yet few, the location of the scene in San Francisco scarcely warrants the statement in the dedication, that the story is "laid in scenes so little known to the world of fact or fiction." Still, there are phases of Californian society that are new, or at least unfamiliar, to the general reader. These Mr. Keeler has hit off with considerable success, and he has made, on the whole, a rather entertaining story. The book derives what little claim to individuality it may make mainly from the easy way in which the vernacular of the country is used, both in the dialogue and in the writer's own paragraphs. Every community, as well as every class of persons, derives its habits of thought, and hence its methods of expression, from its most obvious surroundings, and unconsciously draws upon them for its metaphors. The Californian *demon* is mining—digging for gold, either in the mountains or in stock market; and Californian phraseology catches a yellow reflection. The writer brings in his figures, similes, and allusions very well; the chief fault seems to be a little over-doing; he hardly gives the reader credit enough for ability to see the point, without having it explained to him. But most persons would rather miss a joke, to say nothing of seeming to understand it, than have it thought they were obliged to have it explained to them. As in this special matter, so with the whole fabric of the story: it is too plain; the texture is not subtle enough, nor wrought with sufficient dexterity, to be accepted as first-class. The writer might profitably cultivate the knack of saying more in fewer words, and of suggesting much more than is said. In every branch of art, if we are not mistaken, the quality of suggestiveness is, or should be, a high aim. Each touch, with pen or pencil, should indicate, rather than proclaim outright, its whole meaning. The novel clearly belongs to the sensational series, and some of its situations are striking enough; but the habitual novel-reader will find nothing specially attractive in the plot. He knows from the beginning what is going to everybody, and anticipates the inevita-

ble *dénouement*; and so, not getting out of breath in his curiosity, he has time to enjoy at leisure the numerous pleasant little side-shows that the book affords. Some of these are very well done indeed; here and there are touches that make us feel sure Mr. Keeler can write a better story than *Gloverson and his Silent Partners*. If, in another attempt, he will tax his ingenuity more successfully in fabricating a plot, he may be confident that his natural powers of delineation will enable him to fill in the scenes in a very agreeable and attractive manner.

It is the "old, old story." The hero begins as a rather ungainly young fellow, who wears ill-fitting clothes, and gets beastly drunk before ladies. But he is at bottom manly and sensible, has a large heart, and improves wonderfully as he gets deeper and deeper in love. For many chapters he does not dare to hope, but quietly shuffles about, helping everybody that ought to be helped. He is at a high premium when he knocks the rascal down; *crescit eundo*; at the wedding the only expression that fits him is the ladies' "perfectly splendid." The heroine is equal parts of Diana and Venus, with a happy knack of protecting herself before the hero's arm gets fairly and unquestionably around her waist. Her antithesis is an ill-favored spinster, of uncertain age and morality, ostensibly governess, whose *rôle* is man-trapping, in which she is singularly unsuccessful, considering her fertility of resource and unwearied perseverance. She is a very good, because perfectly natural, character, whose prototype may be found everywhere in California; in fact we rather like her, and are half inclined to quarrel with Mr. Keeler for not letting her bag her last victim at the stipulated price—\$3,000, cash down, or certificate of bank deposit, handed to bridegroom. The villain is a handsome young stock-broker, wealthy, educated, and perfectly irresistible to all the fair sex except heroine. When he finds that she won't have him at any figure, he gets all her property in his own hands by overcoming her weak mother, and wreaks his vengeance in a variety of ungentlemanly as well as rascally ways. When the united efforts of all the good people in the book seem likely to bring him to justice, he takes to drinking and brings on delirium tremens. He wanders about, meditating and attempting the assassination of the hero, till he stumbles over the grave of a man whom he had robbed and somehow (the story is not very explicit on this point) spirited out of the way. Either his emotions or the fall, or both, produce paralysis, from which he only recovers sufficiently to visit a theatre one night. There he falls dead in his seat at the sight of the now happy lovers squeezing hands under cover of the opera-cloak. The patronizing person, ordinarily a rich old uncle, is in this instance represented by Gloverson & Co., a puffy, snuffy, genial old gentleman, who has a pleasant way of showing his appreciation of the hero by saying, "Dixon, sir, you be d—d." Who the "Co." may be is delightfully uncertain until the last chapter, when it turns out, at the wedding breakfast, to which everybody is invited, that the bride and groom themselves are the "silent partners." At this point the chorus strikes up "Bless you, my children!" and everybody exits.

To our way of thinking Mr. Keeler appears to best advantage in a character we have not yet mentioned—that of Karl Schmerling. Karl's only business in the story is to afford the broker an easy and natural victim; this accomplished, he quietly dies. But he is carefully drawn and skilfully sustained throughout; and when he no longer appears in his own person, the influence of his character upon the main issues of the story continues to be felt. He is a noble, high-souled, delicately organized German, whose passion for music is a part of his very being. He is the author's best conception; in fact, he is so obviously out of place beside the other characters that we suspect his *rôle* of broker's victim, and broker's contrast, to be merely a feint, under cover of which the author would portray some thoughts and feelings of his own. Karl Schmerling is really the commanding figure of the book. In a general way he recalls *Charles Auchester*, but rises decidedly above the level of that remarkable novel. We predicate Mr. Keeler's possibilities as a writer mainly upon his origination and execution of Karl Schmerling's character.

LIBRARY TABLE.

RURAL POEMS. By William Barnes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.—An enthusiastic love of Nature in all her shifting phases, and a thorough appreciation of the homely beauties and pleasures of country life, have combined with a minute observation and a quaint and pure if not very versatile fancy to give us from the pen of this Dorsetshire clergyman a volume of such fresh and simple poetry as may have unusual charms for a taste that has wearied of the lurid splendors and fierce sensationalisms of the modern school. Here is a return to a realism more prosaic and commonplace than Wordsworth preached and practised; yet around these ordinary themes and every-day episodes Mr. Barnes has contrived to throw a veil of lucid description that fairly transfigures them into a loveliness unseen of any but anointed eyes. He is a Pre-Raphaelite of letters, and the faintest and most evanescent beauty of the dells he loves he deems not unworthy of record in his pages. Yellowing wheat-stacks, quivering grass, sailing clouds, and waving trees; wheeling swallows and skurrying rabbits; the dripping wheel of the mill; sheep lying lazily in the shade; a sun-dappled pool made stately with swans; a passing sportsman with dog and gun; a young couple crunching softly the hay that lies beneath their feet while they stroll in some twilight meadow, or bringing their first child to its christening—these are the pictures that this artist loves to set before us. Not many nor very brilliant are the colors he uses, and there is just the least suspicion of monotony about his style; but for all that there is a quietness of tone and a sincerity of feeling about these verses that captivate one in spite of one's self. A very good example of Mr. Barnes's method of dealing with such simple subjects as the daily life and labor of a country curate might suggest is the little poem entitled

BEDRIDDEN.

"The sun may in glory go by,
Though by cloudiness hidden from sight;
And the moon may be bright in the sky,
Though an air mist may smother its light.
There is joy in the world among some,
And among them may joy ever be;
And oh! is there health joy to come,
Come any more unto me?"

"The stream may be running its way
Under ice that lies dead as the stone,

* *Gloverson and his Silent Partners*. By Ralph Keeler. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1869.

And below the dark water may play
The quick fishes in swimings unshown.
There is sprightliness shown among some,
Aye, and sprightly may they ever be,
And oh! is there limb strength to come,
Come any more unto me?"

Still better, because more characteristic in its utter idyllic freedom from anything bordering on speculation or moralizing, is the little picture of

THE REEDS ABOUT THE POOL.

"We children, hot at work, here built
Our hut for childhood play, of beds
Of reeds, all wound with sticks, to screen
From wind our glossy little heads;
And there we set to shoot the wet
Our roof of reeds about the pool.
"As deep and shoal might sleep below
A shell of ice in winter tide,
We there with tottering heads would drive
Our toes along the grated slide,
With many a sprawl in many a fall
Within the reeds about the pool.
"There men would draw the water out,
As dry as all their pails could dip,
And then would dip their hands about,
Well daub'd with mud from toe to hip,
As they might feel the slipping eel
Within the reeds about the pool.
"And then the nightingale would sound
Her note, while other birds were still,
As water show'd the light the moon
Might shed on stream, and mead, and hill,
On boughs aloft, while rustled soft
The reeds that swayed about the pool.
"And still below the shady mound
That leans by timber trees in ranks,
There runs the brook that up the dell
Outbreaks, to come by winding banks.
Down here to us, to open wide
A pool with reeds about its side."

This is not a very high order of poetry, but of its sort it is extremely good and pleasant to read. And even if it were much worse it would still seem scarcely less than good in the very dainty dress which the American publishers have given it.

Wild Life under the Equator. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.—There are few persons, young or old, whom this book will fail to interest; some will delight in descriptions of "Antres vast and deserts idle," and the adventures of the intrepid voyager who traverses them; and others will be pleased by tales which make their blood curdle; while in each case curiosity comes in aid of the author, and the reader is eager to learn the issue of each new and perilous undertaking. Beside this, the information afforded by this enterprising traveller is of vast importance, and is not wholly confined to discoveries in the animal kingdom and geography—in which, however, many blanks have been filled up and many errors rectified—but is valuable in the views which it gives us of the moral condition of large masses of uncivilized beings congregated in scarcely accessible regions. Among the thrilling incidents with which the volume is filled those which Mr. Du Chaillu tells us relative to his encounters with the gorilla are not the least interesting. Accompanied by experienced guides and fully armed and equipped the great traveller started out to hunt the gorilla, and was not long before he encountered a huge one whose intensely black face was horrid to behold, who turned and looked on his human pursuers with an evil eye and met them with a howl of defiance. There have not been wanting great opinions to maintain that the faculties of men and of brutes differ rather in degree than in kind, and some of Mr. Du Chaillu's narratives seem to strengthen this conviction. The huge animal, as the hunters approached, paused for a few moments and then seated himself as if waiting to see what they would do. Seeing them come toward him, he too advanced and gave another fearful howl. The author says:

"I now judged that he was not more than ten or twelve yards from us, and I could see plainly the ferocious and fiendish face of the monstrous ape. It was working with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was moved rapidly back and forth, bringing a truly devilish expression upon the hideous face; then once more he opened his mouth and gave a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder, and, looking us in the eyes and beating his breast, advanced again. This time he was within eight yards from us before he stopped again. My breath was growing short with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malouen said, 'Steady,' as he came up. When he stopped, Malouen said, 'Now!' and before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth three musket balls were in his body, and he fell dead almost without a struggle."

The principal anxiety expressed by the guide was that Mr. Du Chaillu should not fire too soon, for, said he, "If you do not kill him, he will kill you." The encounters with snakes, elephants, and wild boars are by no means devoid of the interest which attaches equally to the human family, native to a land where all is wonderful, wild, and romantic.

The Temple of Isis; or, Passages from the Papers of a Mystic. Published for the Author by the American Literary Bureau, New York. 1868.—This quaint little book is evidently written by a thinker of peculiar organization, whose predilections have led him into the byways and borderlands of psychology. Odd twists of expression, subtle and suggestive transitions of thought, strange and fantastic freaks of the imagination abound throughout the work. An allegory entitled *The Death of Judas Iscariot* contains an entirely new rendering of one of the patristic traditions, and its fine oriental coloring is only equalled by the beautiful and original conception underlying it. Another and companion piece is *Ahasuerus*, in which the wonderful story of the Wandering Jew assumes a new aspect and is made the vehicle of a striking theory. In treating this subject the author has embodied a series of word-paintings as ghostly and terrible as those of Doré, although in no respect similar to the ideas of that powerful artist. The vision of the immeasurable future is unveiled, and Ahasuerus tremblingly seeks to know his destiny. The final answer is:

"Christ says, looking down on earth's only grave—for the dead have arisen—'Thou shalt tarry till I come again.'"

"That will be never! He comes not again, nor will another descend into the grave. The only immortal among mortals is the only dead man hereafter. Alone through the innumerable eons of life—alone in the incomprehensible eternity of death—Ahasuerus and sorrow are alone dead for ever!"

"Thus shrieked the accused, and fled, and I saw him no more."

Seabury Castle. By Cecil Hope. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.—An exceedingly pretty and simple story, presented in a novel and particu-

larly attractive dress. The principal personage, Lord Seabury—in whom the interest chiefly centres—is a man of high moral character and great dignity. Sensitive to a fault, he allows a disappointment in early life to cast a gloom over all his after years, which, though it is never wholly dispelled, is in some measure relieved by the society of two very charming girls, his orphan nieces, whose growth and culture he watches over with parental care. In due time these young ladies, of course, fall in love; but, as they make wise choice, although they do not escape suffering, and in one case a terrible catastrophe takes place, still their path is not strewn with the thorns which spring up in the way of modern heroines. The story is rather sketchy, but is not encumbered with underplot nor surcharged with incidents, nor yet so destitute of them as to be without a considerable portion of life interest. The tone of the book is moral, and breathes a gentle spirit of religion utterly free from fanaticism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—*The Law of Love and Love as a Law.* By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D. 1869.
An Introduction to the Study of English Literature. By Henry N. Day. 1869.
The Conscript: A Story of the French War of 1813-14. By MM. Eckmann-Chatrain. 1869.
A. S. Barnes's First Lessons in Civil Government. By Andrew W. Young. 1869.
KELLY, PIET & Co., Baltimore.—*The Wreath of Eglantine, and Other Poems.* Edited and in part composed by Daniel Bedinger Lucas. Pp. 169. 1869.
Early History of Maryland. By R. McSherry, M.D. Pp. 129. 1869.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—*Greater*

Britain: A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. 1869.
Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S.; with illustrations by Huard. Pp. 410. 1869.

NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—*The New England Tragedies in Prose.* By Rowland H. Allen. 1869.

GEORGE WILCOX, New York.—*As by Fire.* By Miss Nellie Marshall. Pp. 323. 1869.

ADAMS & Co., Boston.—*Better Views of Living.* By A. B. Child, M.D. Pp. 154. 1869.

EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange, London, England.—*Flosculi Literarum; or, Gems from the Poetry of all time.* Faithfully rendered into English verse by George Harding. Pp. 128.

PAMPHLETS.

We have received: Our Young Folks; The Occident; The Atlantic; Hours at Home; The Home Monthly; The Medical Archives; The New Englander; Christian Work in the Metropolis; The Democratic Almanac; Annual Report of the Commissioners of Railroads and Telegraphs (Ohio); Trifles for the Christmas Holidays; Little's Living Age; American Law Register; Tribune Almanac; Every Saturday; Lippincott's Magazine; Good Words; The Artizan; Architectural Review and American Builder's Journal; Good Words for the Young; Catholic World for February; Resumption of Specie Payments; Onward.

OUR TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILROADS.

THE union of the Atlantic and Pacific states by the iron belt of the irrepressible railroad will soon be an accomplished fact. Unless retarded by the severity of the winter, the few hundred miles yet to be built west from Fort Bridger will be finished early next summer. Indeed, so confident are the directors in the early completion of the line that they have even named the Fourth of July as an appropriate day for its formal opening. We shall soon, therefore, be in a position to judge how far it is likely to prove a great success or a gigantic failure. At present there are no data upon which to base a sound conclusion. That it will develop the regions through which it passes, by opening up public lands, facilitating the settlement of sparsely populated districts, and stimulating trade, is incontrovertible; but that it will, any time within the next ten or twenty years, prove remunerative, is not so certain. Except for a short distance at each end the local traffic must be inconsiderable, while the through traffic, to earn anything like a fair dividend, will have to be so enormous that no single track can possibly accommodate it. Yet, with that proneness we all have to be fascinated by a "big thing," its sanguine promoters see only the bright side of the picture, and already, counting their chickens before they are hatched, indulge in visions of the traffic of China and the Indies flowing in golden streams over their line. Let us hope their aureate phantasms may be something more than a deceptive mirage. All we can now say with certainty is, that the road is an experiment—a colossal experiment—one which it was desirable to make, and which we trust will turn out a brilliant success.

But we protest emphatically against any further appropriation of the public funds or credit for other trans-continental lines till this experiment has been fairly tried. Influential parties are now before Congress seeking to obtain government bonds for two proposed new lines—a northern route from Superior City, on the western extremity of Lake Superior, through Minnesota, northern Dakota, Montana, and Washington, to Seattle, on Puget Sound, with a branch from Walla Walla to Portland, on the Columbia River; and a southern route starting from Fort Smith, on the western line of Arkansas, through the Indian Territory, north-western Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and southern California to San Francisco, with branches to San Diego and Los Angeles. Against neither of these proposed lines have we a word to say. If trans-continental roads must be constructed, the routes chosen are as good, perhaps, as any others, and would open up two very important sections of the country. But before aiding these vast projects with government subsidies let us await the working and development of the line so near completion; above all, let us lighten the public burdens now cramping the energies of the nation and raise the national credit abroad before we spend another dollar upon fresh Brodingnagian enterprises. To the small coterie of New England capitalists now soliciting national aid Congress should say: We have no doubt, gentlemen, your intentions are honest. We credit you with acting from pure, patriotic motives, with no ulterior views of self-aggrandizement. Like yourselves, we too are anxious to see the mineral resources of the country developed, our sparsely-settled territories populated, and each section of the Union happy and prosperous. But the time, gentlemen, is inopportune. Your schemes are premature. With deranged finances, impaired credit, impoverished exchequer, and an oppressive burden of taxation, we cannot consent, at least for the present, to any further depletion of the public purse. But if you think the proposed roads will prove reasonably remunerative, go-ahead, gentlemen—the field is open and the competitors are few. We wish you every success; but not a dollar, not a dollar. By-and-by, when our heads are higher out of the water, and we have watched the operation of the Central line, we may be disposed to help make fresh tracks. Till then, gentlemen, good morning.

How far, indeed, it is politic to grant government subsidies at all in an enterprising country like ours, is a fair subject for discussion. Ought not private energy and capital be sufficient to meet every need? England has not found it necessary to resort to this expedient in extending her great lines of communication, though she has spent large sums in developing railroads in two of her colonies. It would be an insult to the United States, however, to compare her with either India or Canada. France, it is true, has had to ask government assistance,

but then the French have never been a mechanical or enterprising people. If, however, on account of our vast territorial extent, private capital may fairly claim the ancillary stimulus and encouragement of government aid, Congress ought not only to insist on the rigid observance of ordinary stipulations, but provide (as in France) that after the lapse of fifty or a hundred years the roads built by public money should revert to the government and become national property.

TABLE-TALK.

CRITICISM like life is "mighty onartin." The readers of a metropolitan journal not less remarkable for its pretensions than for its versatility must have been slightly perplexed at finding in its columns within a week two such different opinions of *La Périochole* as they were favored withal. On Tuesday, Jan. 5, they were informed that "the work in all artistic respects is tame and heavy, lacking the grace and southern charm of *Les Bavards*, the spirit and action of the *Duchess*, and the ensemble and clap-trap of *Geneviève*. It is the failure of a composer," etc. On Thursday, Jan. 12, they learned to their dismay that the sentences they had passed in accordance with this judgment must all be revoked; that "the opera," on the contrary, "was deservedly popular, and that one of its chief charms is that it is just long enough to fill a delightful evening—that is, it is not so short as to require supplementing with another piece like *Les Bavards* [though why it must necessarily be supplemented with a piece like *Les Bavards* we are at a loss to know], and not so protracted as to become tedious, like some of Offenbach's other operas." On the 5th of January "it was neither humorous nor interesting; in fact, not opera bouffe at all, but an amplified vaudeville, sprinkled with songs and garnished with a ballet." And not only that, but the first "act dragged miserably. The long dialogue, the scantiness and thinness of the music, were not relieved by the lethargic motions of a heavy chorus nor the meagre instrumentation of the orchestra." A week after, however, we find matters somewhat improved. "Of the music in *La Périochole*," it now appears, "it may be said that its very simplicity [*i. e.*, scantiness and thinness] is its greatest success. Popularity was what the author aimed at, and songs that can be easily caught and carried away about in *La Périochole*. *Il Grandira* is already the chant of the street, and the final *Seguidille*, a most brilliant duo, is so persistently redemanded as to convey the idea that the entire audience [which on the 5th was by no means enthusiastic] means to learn it by ear and by heart. . . . The opera thus closes with the positive brilliancy with which it begins." Moreover, "the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Bergfeld, who has himself conducted [whether is not mentioned] every night, is perfect, and the entire company is now so well rehearsed that the prompter's box is dispensed with." This is gratifying, but this is not all, for "we could speak [on the 12th] further and even more favorably of the details in this opera." On the 5th poor little Irma is rudely handled, "Her style is barbarous," "she is Boulotte again," "she has her own independent fun with the audience," all of which is bad enough. But it is not the worst. In "the tipsy song, that in Schneider's utterance set Paris crazy with delight, Irma, doubtful of the propriety of making an exhibition of melodic drunkenness out of Paris, fails to give the shallow episode the meaning and cogency that alone render it of any consequence, and which alone could have dragged down music to a beastly level by the connivance of such a conscienceless composer as Offenbach." This is vague but severe, and there is more to come. "The exhibition of female inebriety consisted of a drowsy roll of the eyes, an incoherence of utterance [which is not peculiar to critics], and a silly use of the hands" [which luckily don't hold pens]. For a week after reading this we were out of conceit with Irma, but on the following Tuesday we had reason to be ashamed of ourselves. "The necessities of the plot," we were then humiliated to discover, "require that *La Périochole* should appear in the first scene in an intoxicated condition. When Schneider first appeared in the part in Paris she was so exceedingly 'tight' that her audience hissed her; Irma wisely presents the part so that she seems simply bewildered, not intoxicated—dazed, not drunk; and what Schneider made repulsive Irma succeeds in making really one of the most attractive bits of acting in the entire performance." Like Irma, simply bewildered, not intoxicated—dazed, not drunk, we conclude this remarkable bit of impartial criticism. "Vichever you please, my little dears; you pays yer money and you takes yer choice."

If there be a quality which, more than any other, adds lustre to the name of an artist—which shows him to be possessed of that greatness of soul derived from a higher inspiration—it is the spirit of active benevolence which prompts him to the relief of human suffering. In no one has this been more noticeable than in Ole Bull. During a long and successful career, and while his great talents have been crowned by applause throughout the civilized world, he has been engaged in constant endeavors to remedy the distress and inequalities which weigh most heavily upon his fellow-men; and, recognizing with a truly generous spirit that principle of artistic brotherhood which should exist among professional people, he has been prompt to acknowledge the claims of those who were lacking, and glad when occasion offered for the exercise of his boastless beneficence. Such occasion has presented itself within the last few days. A lady whose talent has been universally acknowledged, but who, owing to extreme ill-health and a combination of untoward circumstances, is unable to procure adequate means of support for herself and her child, became recently acquainted with the great violinist; no sooner did he learn her position than he offered to play at a concert the proceeds of which should be appropriated to her use, and we are glad to hear that his example has been followed by other artists of high repute. As society is constituted, one half of the world is out of the way of observing what the other half suffers; but in the present instance we trust that the sympathy the lady has awakened among her artistic brethren will be communicated to the public, who, in addition to the high gratification they will derive from the entertainment, will by their presence at the performance have an opportunity of indulging one of the noblest impulses of our common nature.

We have been favored with a private view of the clay model for a monument to the fallen of the Second Massachusetts regiment, which is intended to be placed in a public park in Boston. It consists of a group of three figures in undress uniform, two of them belonging to the color-guard of the regiment, of whom one of them has just been shot, and sinks to the earth, while the third figure, that of an officer, has stepped between them, and seizing the flag from the hands of the

wounded man, holds it aloft. The flag thus becomes the highest point of a group nearly pyramidal in form and broken in outline. The attitudes of the figures are very easy, and the expression spirited, and the contrast between the sinking form of the wounded man and the fierce and determined air of the officer is remarkably fine. We conceive that monuments to individuals should before all things breathe a spirit of that serenity and repose to which, we trust, they have now attained; but a commemorative group designed for a regiment is wisely characterized by action and variety, and we have no doubt that when this group is cast in bronze, the figures, as is intended, being about eight feet high, it will prove a great ornament to any site on which it is placed. The sculptor is a Mr. Edward Forbes.

LAMP-POST MAIL-BOXES are undoubtedly a great convenience, but it seems strange that there is not ingenuity enough in the country to amend them so far as to make them available for the transmission of newspapers as well as letters. A box of this description has, we believe, been tried, but found wanting in security. The reward offered by the department ought to stimulate the wits of our inventors. And while we are on the subject it may be pertinent to inquire why the very excellent idea of painting on the lamps the names of the streets has not been put to wider use? There are still many streets, in the lower part of the city especially, without this, to strangers at least, invaluable guide, while in Brooklyn these lamp-signs are so few as to be exceptional. This is only one of a thousand similar trifles which might be made to add vastly to the comfort of our citizens and sojourners among us, at very inconsiderable expense. Perhaps our very efficient mayor will give the subject his attention.

A VERY pleasant-looking and promising weekly is *Hearth and Home*, which with Mr. Donald G. Mitchell and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, aided by Mr. Lyman and Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, has strength enough in its editorial department to suffice for the success of two very good papers and four better than average ones. We take pleasure in heartily recommending *Hearth and Home* as a journal in every respect fit for welcome in refined families, and one which has double assurance—in the energy of its publishers as well as in the acknowledged reputation and capacity of its conductors—of achieving a commanding and permanent success.

BIBLIOPHILISTS know but three books, it is said, which are typographically perfect: an Oxford Bible, a Leipsic Horace, and an American edition of Dante, probably Longfellow's. If this be true it is matter for some national pride that so young a country should share with the birth-place and, as it were, the foster-home of printing, the credit which attaches to mastery of the craft.

In speaking last week of the music-publishing house of Mr. B. W. Hitchcock we implied that it was located in Cincinnati. We are informed that it *has* a Cincinnati branch, but the central and principal business is in New York.

ROSSINI was every way a notable character, of strongly marked peculiarities. His tailor at Trouville was bewitched by him, so that he still has a sign over his shop-door, "Tailor to Rossini." He was frivolous, insincere, derisive of the enthusiasm of his warmest admirers, great in little things and little in great things. To almost any person who sought them he gave the most exaggerated testimonials, and there was an instance of this in the disastrous appearance, some years ago, of a certain Madame Maillard at the London Philharmonic concerts, who was engaged, unheard, by Mr. Costa, because of a laudatory certificate given her to him by Rossini. The letters of introduction given by him, which should be collected, and may be, would form a very singular collection. He both wrote operas and invented sauces. He loved both art and eating. He hated railroads like any grumbler for the good old times again. He had a superstitious fear of Friday, and of the number thirteen; yet he died on Friday, the 13th of November. Auber, the oldest living composer, and the last of a great generation, attended him to the tomb; and no man could be buried with greater honor than this man, whom his father drove off with curses when he determined to be a composer. Cities are already contending for the honor of being deemed his birthplace. He himself lately styled himself the swan of Pesaro; but Lugo, a small town in the province of Ravenna, is about to publish documentary evidence that he was born there; the council has decreed a statue to him, and has resolved to buy the house where he first saw the light. Verdi has written to Ricordi, a publisher of Milan, a letter suggesting that a requiem mass be written for the next anniversary of his death, the mass to be written jointly by the most distinguished Italian composers only, to be celebrated in the church of San Petronio, in Bologna, *vera patria musicale di Rossini*, and the score to be immediately after performance sealed up and placed in the Liceo Musicale, from which it is never to be taken, unless posterity shall choose to celebrate another anniversary.

THE sale of a large number of choice and valuable books is announced, all being subscribers' or choice copies, and all bound in morocco or Russia, at a cost from six to fifteen pounds per volume. The books are from the libraries of Prince Lucien and Prince Louis Bonaparte, the King of Naples, the King of Prussia, Baron Humboldt, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duchess de Berri. Among them we notice Gould's *Birds of Australia*, 7 vols., at £124; Gould's *Mammals of Australia*, *Birds of Asia*, *Birds of Europe*, etc.; Audubon's *Birds of America*; Audubon and Bachman's *Quadrupeds of North America*; Selby's *British Birds*; *Euvres de Humboldt*; Humboldt and Baupland's *Observations de Zoologie*; De Bry's *Collections Peregrinationum in Indiam* (date 1590); *Description de l'Égypte: Recueil des observations et des recherches, etc., pendant l'Expédition de l'Armée Française*—Paris, 1820; *Galerie de Florence and du Palais Pitti*; *Galerie Royale de Dresde, Galleria de Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany*; Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works; Holbein's Portraits of the Court of Henry VIII.; Hogarth's Works; the Works of Vandyck; English State Trials from 1066 to 1820; Howell, Cobbett, and Hansard's Parliamentary History, 1066 to 1803; Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, from the commencement in 1803 to 1862, etc., etc.; Sir Thomas Lawrence's Works—like Vandyck's, impressions from paintings; *Piranesi Opere*; Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*; Wallich's *Plantica Asiatica Rariores*; Denon's *Monuments des Arts du Dessin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes*; *Vetusta Monumenta*. No clue is given to the present ownership of the books, except the statement that they can be seen till sold, in a bookseller's in London, by gentlemen, on their stating by letter the sets they desire to purchase, and that the sole channel for obtaining further particulars is by letter addressed to "Literature," Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

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In England the cold weather seems to have set in as early as here. The London papers already complain of the severity of the season, and the consequent suffering among the poor. In Bethnal Green, one of the most wretched quarters of the city, an inquest was held on a man who perished from hunger. With a wife and three children to support, he earned only five shillings a week. The workhouse authorities refused him relief, and he died literally of starvation. Yet London is a pre-eminently Christian city, where the rich seldom miss their Sunday sermon.

Robert the Devil, not the grand opera of Meyerbeer, but a sort of bouffe burlesque of it, has just been brought out at the new London theatre, the "Gaiety." One of the scenes is the interior of Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors; and at the witching time of night the wax figures, like the Abbess Helena and her guilty companions, come to life and cut all manner of antics.

THE Sultan Abdul-Aziz now claims a place among the sovereigns who are amateur composers. A valse by him, entitled *Melancholy*, is about to be published at Milan.

It is sad to hear that Rossini has left nothing operatic, with the exception of a great scene from *Jeanne Darc*, and a sketch for the *Faust* which, some thirty years ago, he intended to write.

MDLLE. REICHEMBERG, who is only in her sixteenth year, has carried off successively the second and first prize for comedy in the Conservatoire Impérial. She is a pupil and god-daughter of the famous Suzanne Brohan.

MR. TENNYSON has changed his publishers. Hereafter Messrs. Strahan, instead of Messrs. Moxon, will have the honor of placing their imprint on the Laureate's productions. It is said that the first-fruit of that new arrangement will consist in the appearance of a new edition of Mr. Tennyson's works—which is much needed.

MDLLE. PATTI has recovered from her hoarseness, has set out for Russia, on her return will reappear at the Italiens (Paris), and will not, so far as heard from, listen to the sinister blandishments of the persecutor of Bowles.

MR. GRANT DUFF, who has established his right to be called one of the first political writers of the day, has published *A Political Survey* which is highly praised by some of the leading reviewers. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the United States, and an edition will soon be put on the American market.

CHESS.

HOWEVER incomprehensible it may appear to those acquainted with the antecedents of the courtly game of Chess, but who may not be cognizant of recent local events transpiring among its votaries, it is no less a fact that the gentle goddess Caissa has withdrawn the light of her countenance from her more pretentious worshippers, and in requital of a long account of neglect patiently endured at their hands, has permitted the erection of her shrine in a quarter of the city which would appear to have been selected for the very purpose of evading the persecutions of her devotees.

Having thus metaphorically spoken we will add, simply, that the headquarters of Chess in this city appear to be permanently settled at the Europa Chess Rooms, in Division Street, where the recent tournament transpired, and where another, apparently on a yet more extensive scale, has already been initiated.

The three prizes in the late tourney, in accordance with the probabilities hinted at in the *Round Table* of the 9th instant, were awarded, severally, to Captain Mackenzie, Mr. Delmar, and Mr. Mason—the comparative result of whose play is shown below:

Captain Mackenzie won 83 games. Lost 8.
Mr. Delmar " 69 " " 13.
Mr. Mason " 69 " " 17.

The lists, but just opened, for the new tourney already embrace the names of forty-five players, including many of the most skillful and best known amateurs in the country; and it is anticipated that no less than one hundred players will participate in the series of matches thus initiated.

GAME IX.

The subjoined game between Messrs. Mackenzie and Delmar occurred in the recent tournament at the Europa Chess Rooms:

EVANS GAMBIT.

WHITE—Mr. M. BLACK—Mr. D.
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to KB3
3. B to QB4 3. B to QB4
4. P to QKt4 4. B takes P
5. P to QB3 5. B to QB4
6. Castles 6. P to Q3
7. P to Q4 7. P takes P
8. P takes P 8. B to QKt3
9. Kt to QB3 9. Kt to QR4
10. B to Q3 10. Kt to K2

11. P to Q3 11. Castles
12. B to QKt2 12. P to KB3
13. Q to Q2 13. Kt to Kt3
14. Kt to K2 14. P to QB4
15. QR to QB

K to R sq is the orthodox move here.

16. Kt takes Kt 16. BP takes Kt
17. Kt to Kt3 17. B to Q2
18. K to R

We are inclined to think that White would have done better in playing his Kt to KB3.

19. B to QKt 19. P to QB5
Taking the Pawn would cost him the "exchange."
19. R to KB5

20. B to QB3 20. B to QB3
21. Kt to K3 21. R to KR5
22. P to KB4 22. P to QKt4
23. P takes Kt 23. P takes P
24. P to Q6
This move was not sufficiently considered, and ought to have lost White the game.

Correctly played; this portion of the game is very well managed by Mr. Delmar.

25. K takes R 25. Q to KR3 ch
26. K to Kt 26. B to Kt3 ch
27. Kt to Q4 27. P to QKt5
28. Q to K 28. Q to KR3
29. Q to KB2 29. B to K3
30. B to Q2 30. B takes Kt
31. B takes Q 31. P takes B
32. QR to Q 32. P takes Q ch
33. R takes B 33. R takes P
34. P to Q7 34. Kt to QKt2
35. B to QB2 35. R to Q
36. K to R 36. P to QR4
37. K to K3 37. P to QKt6
38. P takes P 38. P takes P
39. B to Q3 39. R takes P
Black loses time by the capture of this Pawn. Had he simply advanced the QRP, he must have won in a few moves, we believe.

40. B to QKt5 40. R takes R ch
41. K takes R 41. Kt to QB4
42. K to QB 42. B to Q2
43. B to QB4 43. K to Kt3
44. B to QKt3 44. B to K3
45. B to QKt5 45. P to QR5
46. R to Q2 46. B to Kt5
47. R to Q5 47. Kt takes KP
48. P takes KP 48. K to Q7
49. K to R3 49. B to Q7
50. B to Q3 ch 50. K to B3
51. R to K

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

GAME X.

Brilliant skirmish played in England between Messrs. Thorold and Fenton; the former giving the odds of the "exchange."

Remove White's QR and Black's Kt. CENTRE GAMBIT.

WHITE—Mr. Thorold. BLACK—Mr. Fenton.
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. P to Q4 2. P takes P
3. B to Q4 3. B to Kt5 ch
4. P to QB3 4. P takes P
5. P takes P 5. B to K2
6. P to KB4 6. P to Q3
7. Kt to KB3 7. Castles
8. P to KB5 8. Kt to QB3
9. B to KB4 9. B to KB3
10. P to KR4 10. R to K
11. K to KB2 11. R takes KP
12. B takes BP ch

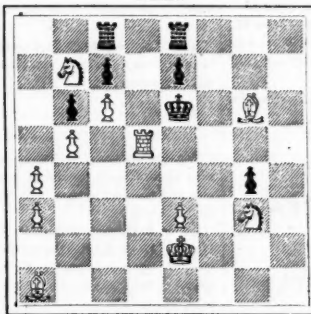
The attack now commenced by Mr. Thorold is prosecuted with remarkable skill and vigor.

Taking the Bishop would be followed by Q to Q5 ch, etc.

13. B to Kt5 13. QB takes P
14. B to Q5 14. R to K
15. QKt to Q2 15. P to KR3
16. P to Kt4
An excellent stroke of play.

PROBLEM VII. By T. M. Brown, N. Y.

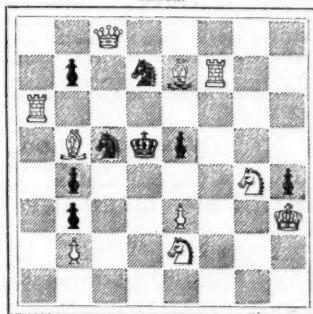
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

PROBLEM VIII. By C. A. Gilberg, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM III. WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to Kt6 1. P Queens
2. P to Kt7 2. Q takes KtP
3. K to Q2 3. Any move
4. Kt to B mates

PROBLEM IV. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q3 ch 1. K to B4
2. Kt to K3 ch 2. K to K3
3. Kt to KB4 ch 3. K to Q3
4. Kt to KB5 ch 4. K to B2
5. Kt to K5 ch 5. K to B3
6. Kt to Q6 ch 6. K to Q6
7. Kt to QB5 ch 7. K to K6
8. Kt to QB4 ch, and draws

PROBLEM V. WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to QR2 1. Any move
2. Q or B mates

PROBLEM VI. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q3 ch 1. K to K4
2. Kt to Kt5 ch 2. K takes R
3. Kt to R3 ch 3. B takes Kt
4. Q to Kt3 ch 4. P takes Q mate

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